

ETCHER OF COUNTRY LIFE (Illustrated). By Campbell Dodgson.
E CUCKOO'S MORE INTIMATE HABITS. By Edgar Chance.

COUNTRY LIFE

CE: TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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ARCHITECTURE AND AGRICULTURE

IF we recollect rightly, it was in the year 1915 that a Commission sat for the purpose of taking evidence as to the best means of establishing soldiers on the land when the war was over. People had not realised even then that it would not be a matter of months but of years. The Commission sat, witnesses gave evidence, a lengthy report was drawn up, but nothing was done until the war was over. It all ended in talk. Then, after the Armistice was signed, a growling like that of distant thunder rose from all parts of the country. The soldier, come back from his campaigning imbued with a love of the country, would not, we were assured, go back to sell hats or measure tape in a shop. He had grown to love the open air and would find the city insupportable. Hence grew up a new agitation for the purpose of securing holdings for such of our returned heroes as wanted to cultivate potatoes and cabbages.

Sir Lawrence Weaver evidently regards this as ancient history, because he began his interesting lecture, on the Land Settlement Building Work of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, at the date 1920, when there had to be dealt with the applications received between January 1st, 1919, and December, 1920. Forty-eight thousand, three hundred and forty ex-Service men applied for land. When those who were unsuitable, from lack of experience or capital, change of mind or unwillingness to wait until buildings were put up, were weeded out, about thirty thousand were left, and at the present moment 11,000 have been provided with holdings. This total does not include the number of men settled on the Ministry's Land Settlement Estates or the small number of civilians provided with small holdings by County Councils since 1919, the

grand total amounting to 13,314. Land will be ready for division by the end of this year to settle 6,400 more, so that it would appear that 160,000 acres will be required to satisfy the requirements of 12,600 applicants. It is not an extraordinary number, considering that half a million was the lowest estimate of the number who would be prepared to adopt country pursuits when the Armistice was signed. However, it is a beginning and a good beginning if the very great difficulties connected with the provision of labour and materials be taken into account. Should the tension be relaxed in regard to these matters we may expect things to proceed more rapidly afterwards.

A holding does not necessarily mean a house; in fact, the term is exceedingly elastic. At Methwold the experiment is being tried of showing how a family can be maintained on one acre by means of keeping poultry. That is by no means a hopeless proposition, although here, again, recent fluctuations in the prices of produce tend to upset some calculations. In a dairy country a farm of fifty acres would be a small holding. In the best parts of Norfolk a small holding one-fifth of that acreage would be a considerable tenancy or ownership and the more that the work approaches to market gardening the less land is required. Sir Lawrence Weaver says "in the strawberry lands of Hampshire, in the gooseberry and currant country near Cambridge, in the plum districts of Worcestershire, and in the seed and bulb raising areas in various specially favoured districts, from one to three acres are as much as a man can cultivate." In many cases the small-holder does not care to live on his holding. He prefers the company and amusement that he can obtain in a village if it be within reasonable cycling or walking distance. He reminded his audience of a very considerable change that had been made. In the Act of 1908 County Councils were not allowed to undertake any small-holding schemes unless they were self-supporting. This was on the principle that the little holders had no claim to support from the rates; but in the provisions of the Land Settlement Facilities Act £20,000,000 was placed at the disposal of the Ministry of Agriculture, or the Board as it then was, to meet the capital cost of the scheme, and the Government also made good the annual losses. This was part of the national recognition of the debt that we owed to our soldiers. Some such step was necessary because, as loans cost the Government six and a half per cent. and the cottages cost from £750 to £1,000 each and farm buildings in proportion, the holder could not pay what is called a commercial rent. Sir Lawrence estimates that about eight millions is the measure of the irrecoverable expenditure which will not be represented by rentals after 1926. It would be interesting to follow him into his account of the extent to which architects have been employed as advisers and helpers in this work, but space does not permit of it. All this was extremely interesting to his hearers; but the outside public will probably be attracted much more to his discussion of the materials available for house-building: which is best, brick, timber or ordinary concrete blocks. The result of the experiments carried out at Amesbury and elsewhere is that traditional cob is hopelessly expensive, though, if you have the right man, it gives an admirable house. Pisé, with the chalk soil of Amesbury, is about the same price as brick; the concrete blocks of chalk made with any ordinary good machine are thoroughly good. Timber houses if well built are no cheaper than brick, and he has little to say in favour of proprietary methods of concrete block building.

The lecture altogether was extremely interesting, and we hope it will be reprinted as it is full of help and instruction to all engaged in this difficult but necessary work.

Our Frontispiece

THE first full-page illustration in this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE reproduces a new portrait of Miss Mollie Lascelles, whose marriage to Captain the Earl of Dalkeith, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, is to take place on the 21st of this month. Her parents were the late Major W. F. Lascelles and Lady Sybil Lascelles.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE dust of many issues in regard to the coal controversy is so dense that it threatens to obscure the main consideration. This is the advisability or otherwise of the State subsidising the coal-mining industry. It is the principle that matters, not the extent. Whether it be a round sum of a hundred and ten millions or the payment by the State of five millions a week, the average citizen finds the money, and the question is, Where can it come from? Taxation is already enormous both in regard to the imperial taxes and to the local rates. There is no industry which does not feel the effect of the over-taxation of the common citizen. Further, the miners are not the only workers who suggest that the State should run them. It has recently been argued, with as much plausibility as Mr. Hodges can argue for the pitmen, that shipping is an industry so vital to the welfare of the country that the State should subsidise it so as to lower freights and encourage ship-building. Railway companies are in the same position. It has been found that increasing the charges is by no means a certain method of increasing the revenue, and hence another of our most important industries makes an appeal for help out of the taxes. Supposing that the country were to surrender to these requests, where would they end? One industry has just the same right to be subsidised as another; but, again, we are up against the question, Where is the money to come from? We believe that in the country a much more liberal attitude of mind has been produced. No one wishes to see sweated labour anywhere, especially where capital is making huge profits, but when it is demonstrated that capital cannot make profits at the rate of wages now being paid, then there seems to be no alternative but a reasonable reduction. What that should amount to ought to be a matter for decision by some competent and perfectly independent authority.

LONDONERS ought to need no reminding that April 17th is Verdun Sunday—Verdun being the city of their adoption. Without any of the formalities associated with the beautiful system of English towns taking the French towns devastated by the war under their fostering care, Verdun will always stand out as representing one of the episodes of the war that was at once ghastly and brilliant. In the early parts of 1916 the fate of France trembled in the balance. The Germans were sweeping over the downs and entering as by a miracle into the fastness created by the French. They seemed for the time invincible. But the spirit of France, if shaken, was not broken. It rallied to such effect that Verdun, instead of becoming a strength to Germany, grew into its greatest weakness. Late in the war intermittent fighting was still going on in the district. In the course of it the great citadel remained intact but the town itself was shattered beyond recognition. It

stood in the way of the shells that morning, day and night were for a long time thrown at the citadel with a profusion that until then had no parallel in the war. At the end of 1917, when the present writer passed through it, it was a ruin. One or two of those who will never forsake the city to which they belong moved timidly about the broken masonry and the torn streets, but the life of the place had departed. It was in the citadel that the triumphant spirit of France held its own. Very appropriate therefore is it that the capital of Great Britain should take this celebrated place of arms under its sheltering wing.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards us a letter about telephone charges which is too long and too full of *minutiae* to publish, especially as the facts can be boiled down into a paragraph. His story—and we can vouch for its truth—is that a Civil Service official having purchased a house in the country, the Government kindly determined to give him a telephone for his own use, putting up the necessary wires and posts for a distance of five miles to the nearest exchange. The only comment that this needs is—lucky official! On the road, however, there live many other people who thought, here was a chance of getting the telephone into their houses. Application was made, with the result that there was disclosed an extraordinary difference between the treatment of an official and the treatment of the general public. The former got all the expense of his telephone and its use for nothing, but the latter were warned that they would have to pay a rent of twenty-five pounds for the use of the line, etc., and the increased telephone charges as well. Surely this is bad business, however good it may be for the official. The telephone posts and wires were actually put up, so that if the Government insists on making this exorbitant charge, the country will have to pay for the official's convenience. If, on the contrary, a moderate charge had been made, then the line would have been the cause of less expense, and possibly one of profit, to the Government. We have no doubt that that is the light in which the old dividend-paying National Telephone Company would have regarded it.

"I HAVE ONLY WEPT."

Tears that reach my eyes
Flow too easily
To be offered thee.

When such tears arise
I can stem their flow
Find in work relief—
Ah, beloved, no!
Take my ghostly grief.

I could count each tear when they fall within,
Yet have not the power
To foretell their hour,
Or say: now they shall cease, or now begin.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

IT is announced that the last word of the Oxford Dictionary has been sent to the press, and probably the work will be finished in two years more. It has been one of the greatest labours of modern times, and if mediæval monks had done it, the last of them would be even now thinking out a suitable colophon beginning "here endeth" and going on to tell how it originated in the Philological Society in 1857, that its first editor was Herbert Coleridge, who was followed in 1861 by Dr. Furnivall. Sir James Murray, whose name will ever be most closely associated with the Dictionary, entered upon his labour in 1878 and carried it on until his death in 1915, giving an example of industry and unwearied intelligence that deserves commemoration as long as the Dictionary exists. The most obliging of correspondents, the letters he wrote on words during that period must have been enough to have made a huge volume of themselves. Skilled hands brought the enterprise to a finish. Dr. Henry Bradley, Dr. W. A. Craigie and Mr. C. T. Onions sit now in the seat of Dr. Murray, and not unworthily.

THE more one uses the Dictionary the deeper becomes the sense of obligation to those who designed and brought it out. It seems to have been recognised from the beginning that nicety in the use of words comes far more from example than from definition, hence the liberal excerpts and quotations which distinguish this work. One contributor alone sent a hundred and sixty-five thousand quotations, and there are about two million in the book. This is all to the advantage of the intelligent student. He sees, on the one hand, how the cheap prints, the slovenly, careless writers misuse a word, and, on the other hand, examples from classic writers, ranging from Saxon times to the present day, indicate the sense in which the authors of greatest taste and intellect employ a vocable very often debased in other writings. Was it not the Ettrick Shepherd who called the dictionary "fine confused feeding"? Had he lived in our time, he would have found something still better to say.

IT is evident, from the letter which Sir Henry Lucy contributes to the *Times* of Monday last, the right hand of "Toby" has not lost its cunning. It is pretty safe to prophesy that those who have been deaf to the serious and heavy protests against the arrangements for buying alcoholic liquor at the present moment will not be immune from the humorous shafts of Sir Henry Lucy. We wonder if he devised the heading for the letter—"The Defence of the Realm. Purchase of Liquor." Everybody will ask "What has the one to do with the other?" And then his story shows the complete silliness of the arrangement. He ordered a supply of Pilsener beer—certainly a very innocuous thirst-quencher—and goes on, in the style of his old "Essence of Parliament," to tell a long story of drawing a cheque with a twopenny stamp and other expenses with which he was threatened and his plan of escape. He accordingly ordered the beer by a penny postcard, informing the brewer that when he received the beer he would pay cash for it. But he received "a letter tremulously explaining that this would never do. The Defence of the Realm Act requires that they should have the cash actually in hand before the goods were placed on the cart." How absurd it all is. How absurd it was that wines and beers should be paid for by cash even when the war was going on. How was the defence of the realm forwarded by such an arrangement? And if absurd, then, has it not become ten times more so by the lapse of time? Surely the Government, which does so many arbitrary things, ought to be able to get rid of this anomaly by a stroke of the pen.

EVERY true sportsman will feel inclined to support the view of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the statement it has put forward with regard to pigeon shooting. The Society places this, with rabbit coursing and hunting the carted stag, in a list of "spurious sports." In each case the animal is confined beforehand and given a certain freedom under conditions that handicap its power to escape. The pigeon is even deprived of its steering apparatus—the tail. Rabbits are frequently so bewildered when let loose to be chased by dogs that they crouch down and will not move. Over and over again we have seen the human foot employed to set a rabbit going. Hunting the carted stag is undoubtedly a decadent form of the noblest of all the arts of venerie. As long as an animal is wild and uncontrolled it has a chance of beating its pursuer. Skill is matched against cunning, and the sport of hunting, when conducted on these principles, has a most beneficial effect on the sportsman. It enables him to acquire, as has been truly said, alertness, skill, resource, nerve, courage and daring.

IT is otherwise with the spurious sports. At the best, pigeon shooting is a test of marksmanship, and, at the worst, an excuse for gambling of a particularly objectionable kind. The rabbit in its wild state is one of the cunningest and quickest of animals, so that there are a great many chances in its favour. The only objection made is that poor men have not generally access to land on which they can pursue

the rabbit. That has always been the ground on which politicians hesitated to support legislation to make rabbit coursing illegal. We are sure, nevertheless, that the general public would welcome a measure directed against pigeon shooting, the sport of the gambler; rabbit coursing, the short mostly of pitmen; and hunting the carted deer, which is put a poor imitation of the chase in which the rich man delights. It would be impossible to raise a class objection to an enactment affecting all three. It is just possible that pigeon shooting might be suppressed through the working of statutes already in existence. We refer particularly to the provisions of the Wild Animals in Captivity Act. By that measure, which was passed without opposition in 1900, it is an offence to "cause, or permit to be caused, any unnecessary suffering" to an animal in captivity or close confinement. It is ordained also that such animal should not be "maimed, pinioned or subjected to any appliance or contrivance for the purpose of hindering or preventing its escape." It would at least be interesting to have a case tried with a view to discovering whether that Act is or is not sufficient to stop a practice which in these days finds few supporters.

AS few people know anything about the condition of Constantinople at the present moment, it may be interesting to copy out a passage from a private letter we have received from that town of so many varied fortunes. The writer says: "Conditions in this city are appalling beyond words. I never expected to have my feelings torn as they have been by the sights here. The greater part of the Russian aristocracy, what is left of it, is massed in Constantinople and starving to death." Surely there never was a more striking case of historic irony. At the beginning of the war Russia looked forward to the possession of Constantinople, a prize to which her longing eyes had turned for centuries; and now, behold, it is only an asylum for the wreckage of her aristocracy!

BENEDICTION.

I know a place at twilight where a benediction falls
On heart and mind and spirit; where the silence never palls,
Where the ships lie all around me like sleeping sea birds grey
And veil on veil falls softly round the deathbed of the day.
The huddled town beyond the ships is crouching 'neath a cloak
Of neutral browns and purples and a filmy haze of smoke.
Near by there lies a cruiser from tropic oceans far
And the cobweb of her aerials has caught a lonely star.
The water pale and motionless is like a mirror blurred
A far off throb of engines is the only sound that's heard—
A little steamboat passes like a spirit through the ships—
Then stillness falls yet once again like touch of loving lips.

M. G. MEUGENS.

THE Championship matches at rackets have been extremely interesting. One cannot but feel rather sorry for Mr. Clarence Bruce. As he did last year, he played very finely and beat everyone till, in the Challenge Round, he came up against Mr. Baerlein. Against him, too, he played his best game, but it was of no avail, and it is not too much to say that he was out-generalled and out-played. Mr. Baerlein has now equalled Mr. Harry Foster's number of wins in the Championship and, if he has a mind to it, he will probably beat it. Among racket players of the last twenty-five years these two stand in one class, and all the other players, brilliant though some of them have been, in another. Rackets is so fine a game that it is a pity that in the nature of the court so few people can watch it. It is also a great pity that it is so expensive. Rackets get broken, many balls are used, and both have gone up like everything else in price.

IT will be good news to the many golfers who are fond of it that Hoylake is itself again. This is more especially so since the Amateur Championship, for which we expect so many American visitors, will be played there. Last year the course was in a very singular condition. Instead of being fast and almost fiery, as it used to be, it was heavy and sodden with water. The bunkers were like ditches and the ball would not run an inch. All sorts of reasons

were suggested for this state of things, and it has finally been discovered that about three and a half inches below the surface of the ground a thick crust had formed, so that the water could not run away. There was nothing for it but an extensive campaign of forking up the ground and breaking the crust. This has now been successfully undertaken. Much of the old pace and keenness have come back: the wet and sodden patches have dried up, and even after heavy rain the bunkers are lakes no longer. By May, Hoylake should be in fine order for the Championship.

THE closeness with which Dr. Lasker and Senor Capablanca are matched for the Chess Championship may be judged from the fact that out of seven games six

have been drawn, the solitary victory going to Capablanca. The drawn games are by no means dull, as many suppose who have not looked at the scores. On the contrary, they are full of subtle and cunning traps, countermined, so to speak, or evaded, and of the deepest and most exact calculations. No doubt these games will become a very important part of the chess literature of the future when they will be analysed and annotated and discussed a hundred years after this. No contest of equal importance has taken place since Lasker, twenty-five years ago, wrested the supremacy from Steinitz. Since then the science of chess has been very notably advanced, so that the games played in this match will tend to displace those that have hitherto been deemed the classic examples of the openings.

AN ETCHER OF COUNTRY LIFE

BY CAMPBELL DODGSON.

IN looking through a collection of Mr. George Soper's etchings one cannot but remark before all things his consistency and faithfulness to the class of subjects that he has chosen especially for his own, and with which he finds himself completely in sympathy. He is an etcher of country life, not the life of the mansion and the park, but that of the shepherd and the farm labourer. In the five years that have passed since he took up this medium, forsaking the practice of black and white drawing and illustration, to which he had given his attention before he became an etcher, Mr. Soper has produced a few dozen plates which illustrate, with rare exceptions, some phase or other of the never-ending annual round of work upon the land. His contribution to this year's exhibition, recently closed, of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, of which he became an Associate three years ago,

consisted of a set of the Four Seasons, in which he returns, probably quite unconsciously, and, at any rate, entirely in his own English manner, to a good old custom of the sixteenth and seventeenth century engravers. Like Hans Bol and Jan Van de Velde, and a score of other old-time artists, Mr. Soper has given us his version of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter in four simple, unaffected landscapes free from any allegorical accessories. In "Spring" an old shepherd leans on the rail of a rustic footbridge, with his dog sitting on the path near him, and watches the ewes and lambs in a meadow, under a sky with only a few clouds swept quickly across it by the wind. "Summer" represents a loaded hay-wain followed by a troop of haymakers returning from their day's work; "Autumn" an old man guiding the plough, which is drawn by a team of four stalwart horses. In "Winter" we see a cart full of swedes



"WOOD GATHERERS."



"BURNING TWITCH."



"THE HOP KILN."

or mangolds, with cattle standing round it in the snow, waiting to be fed, and an icy wind lifting the mane and tail of the patient horse and blowing out the scarf of the old man standing in the cart. The finest of these, perhaps, is "Autumn," a large and, in many parts, highly finished dry-point, which few would suspect of being, as it was, the work of a few hours on a single afternoon and evening. It is proof of a great dexterity to be able to work so quickly as this without any slovenliness or scamping. The four plough horses are splendidly drawn, and show the artist to have mastered the art of foreshortening.

The four prints just described, like most of Mr. Soper's more recent plates, are dry-points. He has done other single ones a good deal like them, in the same technique, such as the two plates called "Timber Hauling," where two horses, in one case, six in the other, strain at the heavy load of felled tree trunks, which they have to drag through the ruts of a rough by-road from the wood. In the bigger of these two plates the man running along beside the team, shouting open-mouthed and cracking his whip, is a fine example of gesture and action accurately noted and drawn with a sure and rapid hand. "The Hop Kiln" is an excellent example of dry-point work, differing widely from the others in subject; it is one of Mr. Soper's few interiors, and gives a very fine effect of glowing light.

The grain of the aquatint is managed very skilfully to suggest the texture of the wool, and the gradation of light from the immediate surroundings of the lantern to the outermost sheep which hardly come at all under its influence is quite satisfactory to the eye. The suggestion of the brilliantly lighted glass inside the dark metal framework of the lantern itself is also very clever. Another large group, which contains some of Mr. Soper's best work, though mostly of earlier date than the dry-points, consists of etched plates, in the strict sense of the term (bitten in with acid). In some of these we note that Mr. Soper has wandered away from the region with which he is most familiar, the surroundings of his Hertfordshire home near Welwyn. "A Cornish Farm" is a pleasant but not specially interesting landscape etching. There is more satisfaction to be found in "Coal Wharf," a beautifully drawn and well composed plate in which the mass of black formed by the coal itself, under a dark roof, contrasts splendidly with the white horse, the cart and men, out in the sunlight towards the front of the shed, and the sail of the boat on the river to the right. "Picking Potatoes" is a well etched study of a number of figures in action, but less satisfactory as a subject than "South Down Shepherd," which should rank, in my opinion, as one of the best of Mr. Soper's pure etched plates. The man himself, his crook, his shaggy dog, the browsing or resting sheep, and the outline of



George Soper.

"MANGELS."

"Ditching" is another good open-air dry-point, not quite so interesting, perhaps, as "Timber Hauling," since it contains none of the horses which Mr. Soper draws with so much spirit and knowledge, but the action of the ditcher in his punt, raking out weeds from the slime at the bottom of the water, is noted as accurately as the bulging surface of his old loose coat and the cut of his sou'wester. It is a true fen country ditch, of proportions almost worthy to be called a canal, in which he is working. "Daisy" is a careful study of the head of a cart-horse, in which the ears are particularly well done. Another dry-point, much more ambitious and elaborate than the last two, is the "Sheep Market." This is the largest plate, I believe, that Mr. Soper has produced, but this is not to say that it is the best. On the contrary, there is a certain raggedness and restlessness about it, with over-emphasis on certain outlines, and rather too much contrast between black shadows and white lights. Nor are the sheep and the sheepdog quite so well drawn as most of Mr. Soper's animals.

They are very good, on the other hand, in one of Mr. Soper's more exceptional plates, an aquatint, called "The Count," a big plate in which a shepherd, by the light of his lantern, is counting the sheep as they pass through a gate, which he holds open, into an inner yard among farm buildings.

the distant downs are all beautifully etched, and the only criticism I feel inclined to make is that the sheep look rather too small, at their apparent distance from the tall shepherd, to be quite in proportion. "Market Day," in which a flock of sheep is passing a wagon drawn up on one side of the road, is another of the best etchings. "Ploughing" deserves mention among the smaller, and probably earlier, etched plates; while "Binding Faggots" and "Burning Twitch" are two attractive illustrations of woman's work upon the land. The latter is a particularly skilful and careful etching, in which the flame springing up in a brisk wind as the heap of smouldering weeds is turned over with a pitchfork is very ably suggested. Another very attractive and technically interesting etching is "Wood Gatherers." The clearing of the wood, with pale, lightly bitten birch trees in the distance, is very full of light and air, and the women's figures are gracefully drawn, but without affectation or pose.

An etcher who has felt so deeply and rendered so skilfully in his art the charm and interest of rural England deserves every encouragement from lovers of the old country who live in its midst and see it pass through all the changes of the seasons, itself essentially unchanged, an abiding source of interest and delight.

AFRICAN "MEDICINE" OR WITCHCRAFT AND ITS BEARING ON SPORT

By W. D. M. BELL.

THE ruling factor in the pagan African's life is witchcraft, generally called throughout the continent "medicine." All his doings are ruled by it. No venture can be undertaken without it. Should he be going into the bush on some trivial project he will pick up a stone and deposit it on what has through years become a huge pile. This is to propitiate some spirit. But this apparently does not fully ensure the success of the expedition, for should a certain species of bird call on the wrong side of the road the whole affair is off and he returns to his village to wait until another day when the omens are good.

In illness he recognises no natural laws; all is ascribed to medicine on the part of some enemy. Should his wife fail to produce the yearly baby, someone is making medicine against him through her. Hunting or raiding ventures are never

year happens to come along, as it so frequently does in Africa, everyone to save his crops resorts to the medicine man. They take to him paltry presents to begin with. No rain. They give him fowls, sheep and goats. Still no rain. They discuss it among themselves and conclude that he is not yet satisfied. More presents are given to him and, maybe, he is asked why he has not yet made the rain come. Never at a loss, he explains that there is a strong combination up against him, a very strong one, with which he is battling day and night. If he only had a bullock to sacrifice to such and such a spirit he might be able to overcome the opposition. And so it goes on. Cases are known among rich tribes where the medicine man has enriched himself with dozens of head of cattle and women. At this stage should rain appear all is well, and the medicine man is acclaimed the best of fellows and the greatest of the fraternity.



ELEPHANT SLINKING AWAY, WARNED OF THE APPROACH OF MAN BY HONEY-GUIDES.

launched without weeks of medicine making. The regular practitioners of this medicine are called "medicine men" or witch doctors. Their power is enormous and is hardly fully realised even by the European administrations, although several African penal codes now contain legislative efforts to curtail the practice of the evil eye and the black arts. These medicine men have always appeared to me to be extremely shrewd and cunning men who yet really believed in their powers. While all goes well their lot is an enviable one. Gifts of food are showered upon them. I suspect that they secretly eat the fowls and goats which are brought as sacrifices to propitiate the spirits: at any rate, these seem to disappear in a mysterious manner. Beer and women are theirs for the asking as long as all goes well. But, should the medicine man have a run of ill luck in his practice and be not too firmly established, he sometimes comes to grief. The most frequent cause of their downfall appears to occur in the foretelling of rain. Supposing a dry

But should its appearance be so tardy that the crops fail, then that medicine man has lost his job and has to flee to some far tribe. If he be caught he will, most probably, be stoned or clubbed to death.

To the elephant hunter the medicine man can sometimes be of great assistance. I once consulted a medicine man about a plague of honey-guides. These are African birds about the size of a yellowhammer, which have the extraordinary habit of locating wild bees' nests and leading man to them by fluttering along in front of him, at the same time keeping up a continuous and penetrating twittering until the particular tree in which the nest is situated is reached. After the native has robbed the nest of its honey, by the aid of smoke and fire, he throws on the ground a portion—sometimes very small—of the grub-filled comb as a reward for the bird.

My experience occurred just after the big bush fires, when elephant are so easily tracked, their spoor standing out grey

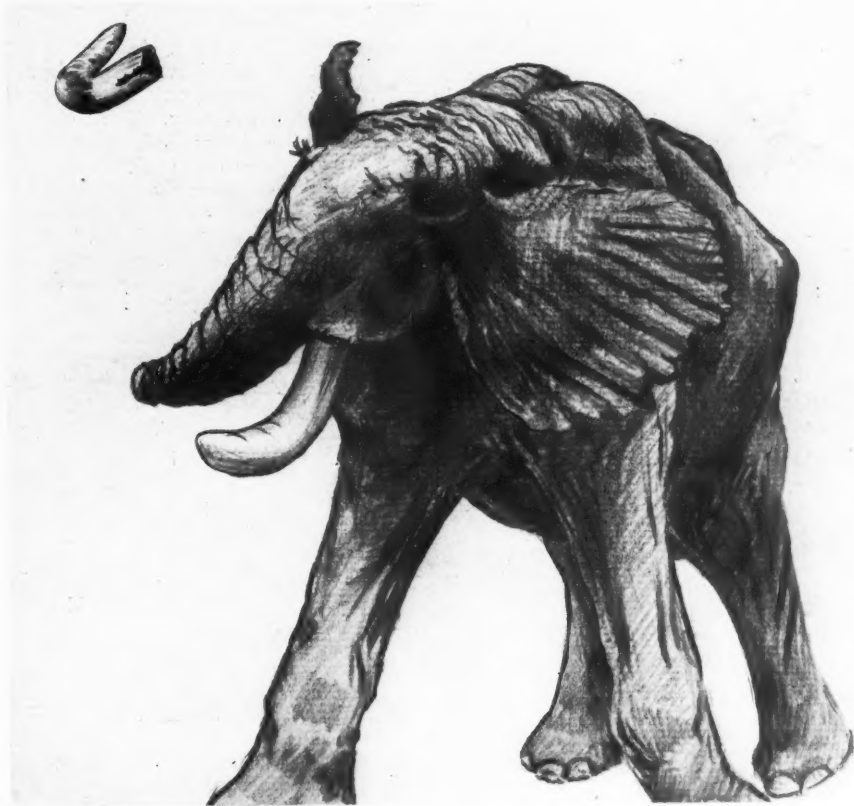
on the blackened earth. At this season, too, the bees' nests contain honey and grubs. Hundreds of natives roam the bush and the honey-guides are at their busiest. Elephants were numerous, and for sixteen days I tracked them down and either saw or heard them stampede, warned of our presence by honey-guides, without the chance of a shot. Towards the end of this ghastly period my trackers were completely discouraged. They urged me to consult the medicine man, and I agreed to do so, thinking that at any rate my doing so would imbue the boys with fresh hope. Arrived at the village, in due course I visited the great man. His first remark was that he knew that I was coming to consult him, and that he also knew the reason of my visit. By this he thought to impress me, I suppose, but, of course, he had heard all about the honey-guides from my boys, although they stoutly denied it when I asked them after the interview was over. Yes, I said, I had come to see him about those infernal birds. And I told him he could have all the meat of the first elephant I killed if he could bring about that desirable end to my long hunt. He said he would fix it up. And so he did, and the very next day, too.

In the evening of the day upon which I had my consultation I was strolling about the village while my boys got food, prepared for another trip in the bush. Besides these preparations I noticed a lot of basket mending and sharpening of knives. One woman I questioned said she was coming with us on the morrow to get some elephant meat. I spoke to two or three others. They were all preparing to smoke and dry large quantities of meat, and they were all going with us. Great optimism prevailed everywhere. Even I began to feel that the turning in the lane was in sight. Late that night one of my trackers came to say that the medicine man wished me to stay in camp in the morning and not to proceed as I had intended. I asked the reason of this and he simply said that the medicine man was finding elephant for me and that when the sun was about so high (9 o'clock) I should hear some news.

Soon after daybreak natives from the village began to arrive in camp. All seemed in great spirit, and everyone came with knives, hatchets, baskets and skin bags of food. They sat about in groups laughing and joking among themselves. Breakfast finished, the boys got everything ready for the march. What beat me was that everyone—my people included—seemed certain they were going somewhere. About 9.30 a native glistening with sweat arrived. He had seen elephant. How many? Three! Big ones? Yes! Hurriedly telling the chief to keep his people well in the rear, off we set at a terrific pace straight through the bush until our guide stopped by a tree.

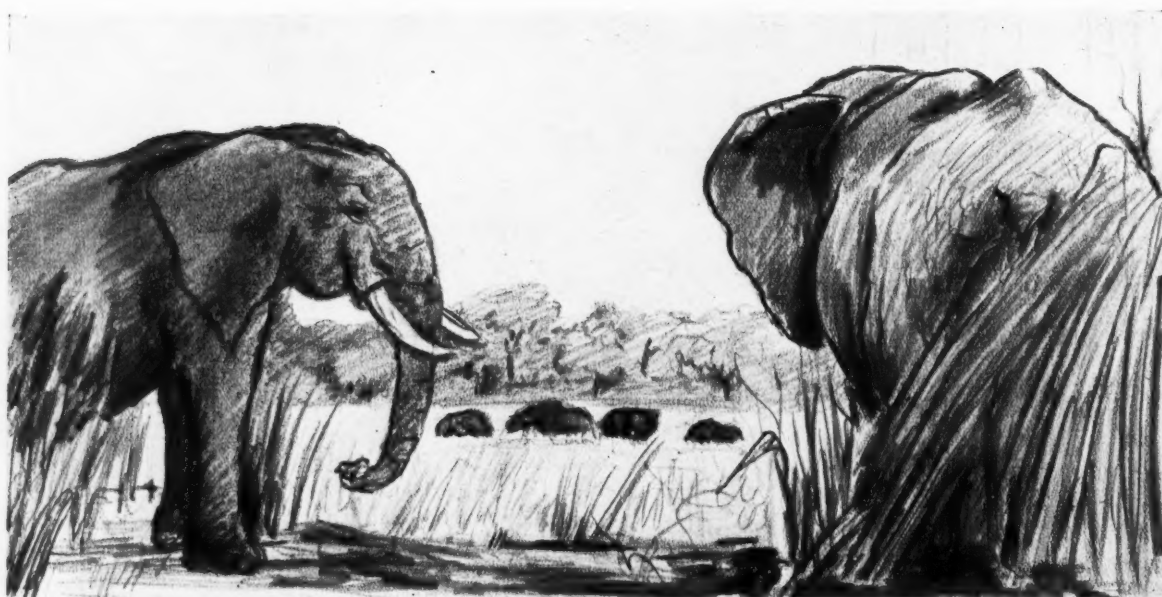


WHEN THE BUSH HAS BEEN BURNT ELEPHANT TRACKS SHOW GREY ON THE BLACK GROUND.



HE SHOOK HIS HEAD SO VIOLENTLY IN THE DEATH THROES THAT A TUSK FLEW OUT AND LANDED TWELVE PACES AWAY.

There he had left his companion watching the elephants. Two or three hundred yards further on we came to their tracks. Everywhere were the welcome signs of their having fed as they went. But, strangest thing of all, not a single honey-guide appeared. Off again as hard as we could go, the tracks running on ahead clear and distinct, light grey patches on a burnt ground with the little grey footmarks of the native ahead of us. In an hour or so we spotted him in a tree, and as we drew near we caught the grey glint of elephant. Still no honey-guides;



MEDICINE INDEED.

blessings on the medicine man! Wind right, bush fairly open, it only remained to see if they were warrantable. That they were large bulls we already knew from their tracks. Leaving the boys, I was soon close behind the big sterna as they wandered gently along. In a few seconds I had seen their ivory sufficiently to know that one was really good and the other two quite shootable beasts. Now for the brain shot. Of all thrills in the world give me the standing within 20yds. of good elephant, waiting for a head to turn to send a tiny nickel bullet straight to the brain. From toenail to top of back they were all a good 11ft. Stepping a few yards to the left and keeping parallel with them I saw that the way to bag the lot was to shoot the leader first, although he was not the biggest. Letting pass one or two chances at the middle and rearmost beasts, I finally got a bullet straight into the leader's brain. The middle one turned towards the shot and the nearest turned away from it, so that they both presented chances at their brains: the former an easy broadside standing, the latter a behind the ear shot and running. So hard did this one come down on his tusks that one of them was loose in its socket and could be drawn straight out. Almost immediately one could hear a kind of rush coming through the bush. The chief and his people were arriving. There seemed to be hundreds of them. And the noise and rejoicings! I put guards on the medicine man's beast. From first to last no

honey-guide had appeared. The reader must judge for himself whether there was any magic in the affair or not. What I think happened was this: knowing that the medicine man was taking the affair in hand and that he had promised elephant, the natives believed that elephant would be killed. Believing that, they were willing to look industriously for them in the bush. Great numbers of them scattered through the bush had the effect of splitting up and scattering the honey-guides, besides increasing the chances of finding elephant. The fact that we did not hear a single bird must have been mere chance, I think. But you could not convince an African of that. Natural causes and their effects have not a place in his mind. I remember once an elephant I had hit in the heart shook his head violently in his death throes. I was astounded to see one of his tusks fly out and land twelve paces away. The boys were awe-stricken when they saw what had happened. After ten minutes' silence they started whispering to each other and then my gun-bearer came to speak to me. He solemnly warned me with emotion in his voice never to go near another elephant. If I did it would certainly kill me after what had occurred. It was quite useless my pointing out that the discarded tusk was badly diseased, and that it would have probably fallen out in a short time anyhow. No! no! Bwana, it is medicine! said they.

SPRING

Blessèd are they who find in spring
 A joyousness unquestioning,
 And God amid the blossoming
 Creative Charity.
 Unhappy they who dare not press
 Their hearts to all this loveliness—
 "I have done naught that thou should'st bless,
 Behold my frailty!"

And fragrant innocents that peep
 Shyly at heaven from their sleep,
 Are gifts they know not how to reap
 Since gifts they have not sown;
 Or little feathers that anew
 Sweep praise through mists of holy blue,
 And leave a trembling in the dew
 Whence they have happy flown.

Foolish to grieve? Yet Angels' tears
 Sprung from unworthiness and fears
 Have fallen through the countless years
 Upon the growing earth;
 And every Spring God smiles again—
 Wiping away the Angels' pain,
 And calls their tears His April rain
 That gives His blessings birth.

PAMELA FRASER.

KINGFISHERS AT WORK

By GEOFFREY C. S. INGRAM.

THESE birds were busily engaged in excavating the nesting chamber on the mornings of March 25th and 27th, the burrow leading to it having already been completed. At intervals of rest during the digging they would occasionally make use of the perch seen in the illustrations, which was situated some 3ft. from the entrance of the burrow. The bank into which they were working was of red coloured clay, and some of this at times remained stuck in great lumps to the birds' beaks. The illustration of the female gives some idea of the force she must have used when driving her bill into the clay. She made no effort to get rid of this encumbrance, but after resting some twenty seconds immediately returned to the work, and as she entered the burrow she scraped out the loose earth that had accumulated therein from her former labours.

This seemed to be the usual procedure, for each time one or other of the pair flew in they vigorously scraped out the loose stuff which fell in a stream into the water, and at no time were they seen to do this necessary work during the periods when they were actually engaged in excavating. They would work inside for

spells of three to five minutes, and then reappear head first and fly to a favourite perch, there to sit and rest for twenty to thirty seconds.

On one occasion the female took three turns of work following each other, and after the third flew to a small willow some 6ft. away and called vigorously to the male, who answered from upstream somewhere. He seemed loth to take his turn, but after a prolonged conversation, flashed past the "hide" and dived into the burrow, setting in motion a regular cascade of loose earth as he made his way further inside.

After working for four and a half minutes he left and the female immediately took his place. She had hardly entered than he dashed in after her, but only remained for thirty seconds. This is the only time I saw the two birds enter the burrow together.

Owing to the darkness of the situation photography was extremely difficult, and many excellent opportunities were lost because it was impossible to make exposures at less than a quarter of a second.



THE HEN WITH RED CLAY STUCK TO HER BEAK.



WITH EARTH ON HIS BEAK THE COCK IS RESTING DURING EXCAVATING OPERATIONS.



BROWNSEA ISLAND, which is unique among places of its kind in this, or perhaps, any country, is distinguished not only by the virtue of its setting, but by a subtle beauty wholly its own. Lying at the entrance of Pool Harbour, an extensive and picturesque estuary, this island measures in circumference some five-and-a-half miles. Seen from afar it appears of low elevation, completely covered with furze and heath, but on the south and west sides the coast rises to a height of 60 ft., thick with gorse and bracken and wild clumps of Scotch firs, here and there vivid patches of colour mingling with the drab background, giving something of an elfin charm and wildness to the whole place. The valley occupying the centre of the island is wild and thickly wooded, although with fertile stretches, much of the green meadowland towards the east and St. Andrew's Bay having been reclaimed from the sea. There are also two fresh-water lakes through which fresh springs continually flow, and thence on to the reclaimed fields and the sea through hatches and sluice-gates, which may be opened at low water.

From the island itself the mainland scenery is of great beauty, what with the slow windings of the estuary, its bays, reefs and headlands, the far distant range of noble hills, and the constant passage of white-sailed ships on through the narrow channel and out to sea.

Immediately opposite the North Haven, a sandy spit of the mainland, Brownsea Castle is approached by a low-lying jetty (Fig. 1), a picturesque and tempting enough landing to any visitor to the island. The castle itself has been much modernised, especially the interior, after the disastrous fire

of 1897. The exterior is an aggregate of many different styles and periods, each successive owner having contributed some memorial of his occupancy there. The early history of the island is obscure. Legend names it from Bruno, Lord of the Manor of Studland in Edward the Confessor's time, "Bruni Insula" being part of the manor, till it came into the possession of the Abbey of Cerne. Under the sway of the abbey the island was brought into a state of cultivation—whether upon the system of tenants' service or as a result of monkish labour is uncertain—but it grew into a place of spiritual as well as temporal worth, with chapel, confessional and resident priest for the benefit of all pilgrims and fishermen in the neighbouring waters.

With the Dissolution of the Monasteries Brownsea passed from the peaceful refuge of a kindly hermit, under the rule of the good Abbots of Cerne, into an important position for the defence of the south coast against the frequent attempts by foreign powers to ravage and destroy our ports. It was in 1520 that Henry erected the great blockhouse upon the island—its foundations serve the square tower of the present building (Fig. 2)—with a view to protecting Poole and its shipping, the inhabitants undertaking its garrisoning and maintenance, but expecting repayment from the Crown, as we learn from the following account dated 1545 and preserved in the town archives:

That the King's matie owth vnto the towne by a compt^e that Thom's Whyt th' elder brote in the xxist daye of January, 1550, and is for diu'se charges donne vpon the Castell at Bronksey, iijxx. iij. li. xvij. ijd.





"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—BROWNSEA CASTLE.

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In 1576 Queen Elizabeth granted Corfe and Brownsea to Sir Christopher Hatton, who came into conflict with the Poole authorities by taking possession of the castle, manning it with his own servants, and appropriating to himself the profits of the ferry across the channel at the mouth of the harbour. The townsfolk appealed to the Privy Council against this usurpation of their rights, but received no redress. Their case was indeed pitiable, for Hatton's servants, being continually without their master and lacking any profitable occupation, seem to have amused themselves at the expense of the unfortunate inhabitants, a grievance to which they give expression as follows:

The goonner of Bronkeseye Castell dothe moleste the inhabitantes of this towne, and will not suffer them to passe any p'sons from Northaven pointe to Southaven pointe, butte dothe threaten them to shoote atte them, and vyolentlye doth take ther monye from them, wh' is not onlye a greatte hindraunce to poore men that were woonte to gayne monye that wayes, butte alsoe an infrynginge of our lyberties, wherfore wee thincke ytt verye necessarye to be remedyd.

The Government, however, took little interest in the dispute, and the matter was temporarily dropped.

In the reign of Charles II Brownsea Castle, hitherto a fortress and not a residence, fell into the hands of Sir Robert

before they were finally closed in 1700 that Celia Fiennes was there and tells us:

We went by boate to a little Isle called Brounsea, where there is much Copperace made, the stones being found about ye Isle in ye shore in great quantetyes. There is only one house there wch is the Governours, besides little fishermens houses; they being all taken up about ye Copperace works. They gather ye stones and place them on ground raised like ye beds in gardens rows one above the other, and all are shelving, so that ye raine dissolves ye stones, and it drains down into trenches and pipes made to receive and convey it to ye house, ych is fitted with iron panns four square, and of a pretty depth, at least 12 yards over. They place iron spikes in ye panns full of branches, and so as ye Liquar boyles to a candy it hangs on those branches. I saw some taken up, it look'd like a vast bunch of grapes. Ye colour of ye Copperace not being much differing, it looks clear like sugar candy; so when ye water is boyled to a candy they take it out and replenish the panns with more liquar. I do not remember they added anything to it, only ye Stones of Copperice dissolved by ye raine into liquor, as mentioned at first. There are great furnaces under to keep the panns boyling, it was a large room or building, with several of these panns. They do add old Iron and nails to ye Coperice stone. This is a noted place for lobsters and crabs and shrimps. These eate very good.

The next owner was William Benson, during whose ownership the seeds were sown which developed into the Brownsea Castle of to-day. A man of wealth and of some



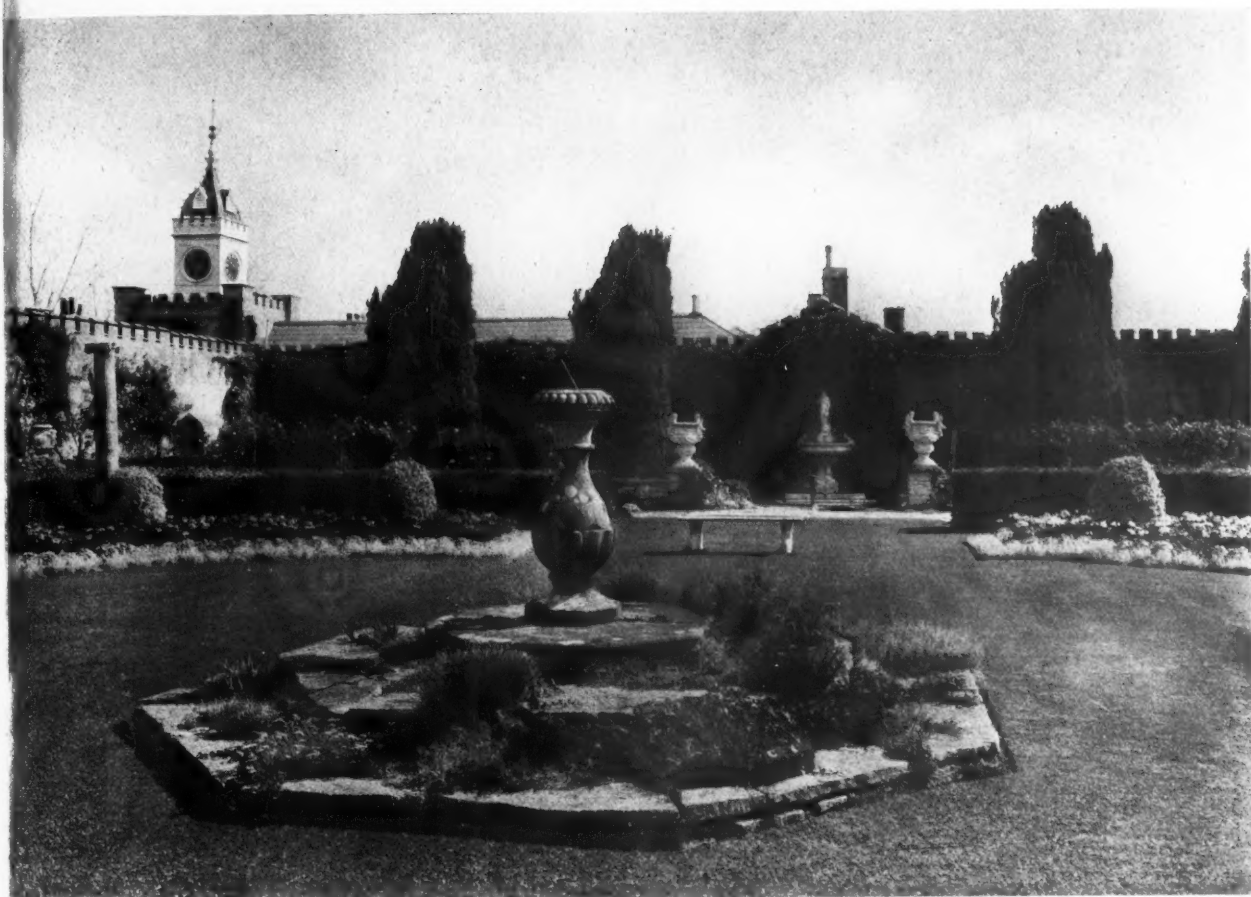
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3.—THE ENCLOSED GARDEN FROM THE CASTLE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Clayton. One of the many children of a small Northamptonshire farmer, he was apprenticed to his uncle, a London scrivener, of the name of Robert Abbot. He was eventually heir to both his master and a fellow apprentice, as well as a hard worker and keen business man. Clayton amassed a fortune that gave him an important influence in the Councils and Corporation of the City of London. Sheriff in 1671 and Lord Mayor eight years later, he sat in Parliament as a Whig member for the City and for his borough of Bletchingley, his great wealth and known usury being the subject of continual satires and lampoons during the period. He had a London house in Old Jewry and a fine mansion at Mardon, praised by Evelyn for its magnificent walnut trees, orangery, and "solitude among the hills." There he died in 1707, a benefactor to the poor, and famous for his magnificent living and sumptuous board. During his ownership Brownsea ceased to have real defensive importance, and he may even have converted the castle into a place of occasional residence. He also reopened the local copperas works, which had fallen into disuse after an active period under Elizabeth, but it was

literary and architectural pretensions, he built Wilbury House, of which Campbell, in his "Vitruvius Britannicus," says that he built it in the style of Inigo Jones, thus "testifying to the goodness of his taste." But it was certainly a political job that led to Christopher Wren being displaced in his favour from the Surveyorship of Works. Unfortunately for him, his knowledge of architecture was theoretical rather than practical, and his condemnation of the House of Lords as being "in immediate danger of falling" created great agitation; proving quite untrue, he was suspended from office, but received, however, by way of compensation, the reversion of the auditorship of the Imprest. His later years, clouded by mental affliction that earned him the name of Mad Benson, were passed in complete retirement among the books which he truly loved, and he died at Wimbledon on February 2nd, 1754. He had always been a generous patron of letters, although much satirised by Pope and other Tory poets. His best loved poet was Milton, and to him he erected a monument in Westminster Abbey. When Benson bought Brownsea Island he commenced building the castle upon a lavish scale,



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4.—THE SUNDIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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5.—ASCENT FROM THE FOUNTAIN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—A PAVED WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—TERRACES OF THE ENCLOSED GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

provoking a new outburst from the burgesses of Poole on the grounds that he was destroying, by making it habitable, their chief safeguard against invasion of the entrance of the harbour. Benson, however, despite certain actions at law, continued his task of building the castle, including the great hall, which is now the music-room. He, moreover, brought the island into a thorough state of cultivation, planting it lavishly with various kinds of trees.

From Sir Gerard Napier Sturt, into whose possession it came in 1769, the island passed on to his nephew, Mr. Humphrey Sturt, Member of Parliament in 1764-86, who originated the formal garden near the castle (Fig. 3), and also added considerably to the general afforestation of the island. Under his care the castle was greatly altered and extended—Benson's great hall and staircase being preserved—the expenditure on these improvements being estimated at £15,000. At this time the only other habitable buildings on the island were an inn and a small house erected by the Government for preventive purposes. In 1817 the island was sold by Mr.

about one million pounds sterling, on which £10,000 outlay would produce an annual return of £40,000. In view of the certainty of an enormous income, the unsophisticated Colonel commenced rebuilding the castle on a huge scale. He added a Tudor-Gothic front of Portland stone and decorated the place lavishly inside with oak carvings, building the jetty, the watch-towers and the wall facing the north side of the castle to keep out the ever-encroaching sea. The clock-tower was his work (Fig. 4) and also the church of St. Mary's, on the island, which he built in the Early Decorated style, with a chancel, nave and transept, and an embattled tower on the western side. He erected a village, which he called Maryland, for the workpeople, to the extreme west of the island, and formed his clay-pits under the name of the Branksea Clay and Pottery Company. However, the geological experts proved wrong, and the whole concern ended disastrously in the Court of Bankruptcy. For Colonel Waugh Brownsea had proved an unfortunate and determining incident in his fate; to the owners who followed he bequeathed



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8.—THE STAIRCASE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Humphrey Sturt's only son to Sir Charles Chad, an enthusiastic sailor and sportsman, who delighted to the full in all the facilities for sport which the island and neighbouring marshes yielded in the way of wild duck and other waterfowl. There is an interesting description of the place at the time by Neale, the author of "Views of Seates." He says: "The principal apartments are a dining-room 37 feet long; a saloon 24 feet square and the same height; . . . a room in the shape of a cross presents views from the four fronts, and is 40 feet long each way; the arms of the cross or crosses form bed-chambers and a staircase. There are also two drawing-rooms, one of them of very good dimensions. The billiard-room is 40 feet long, 26 broad, and 16 high. . . . The walls of the ancient part of the castle are 11 feet thick. The walled gardens enclose three acres with vineries and green-houses."

The island later fell into the hands of a Colonel Waugh, who bought the place in the belief that it possessed valuable resources in the way of a rich bed of China clay, valued at

a heritage of no inconsiderable value. In 1870 the Hon. G. Augustus Cavendish-Bentinck came into possession, and, as an art collector of great distinction embellished Brownsea with many a fine sculpture and painting, the fruit of many years' labour and search throughout Italy and the Continent. Although much of his collection has been now dispersed, there remain among other things at Brownsea many beautiful specimens of Italian well-heads as a testimony to his residence there.

At his death in 1890 his executors sold the place to Major Kenneth Balfour, during whose occupancy the fire broke out which gutted the whole interior of the castle. He undertook the rebuilding in 1897, preserving as far as possible the work and traditions of his predecessors, especially Benson's great hall and fine staircase (Fig. 8), but making a great addition in the form of the west wing. In 1901 the island came into possession of Mr. Charles Van Raalte, who finally completed the restoration and redecoration, bringing to his task a love and enthusiasm worthy of a spot full of beauty and romance.



9.—TAPESTRY, DECEMBER (LUCAS VAN LEYDEN'S "MONTHS").

Among the many fine things now to be found in the house are a notable collection of musical instruments and a piece of tapestry which Mr. W. G. Thomson identifies as one of the famous series of "Lucas months," so called from the attribution of their design to Lucas Van Leyden, of which some sets richly woven with gold were produced in Brussels in the sixteenth century. One of these, in the Royal Collection of France, was used as a copy for the weavers at the Gobelins, where many sets were woven in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The original tapestries were burned in 1797 to obtain the gold woven into them! Mrs. Van Raalte's tapestry represents the Month of December. In the distance a palace,

on the left of which is a town, in front a lake with richly attired personages skating in sixteenth century costumes—these form the background to groups of lords and ladies promenading and making love. In the foreground are women sitting on the ground with skates and children warming themselves.

When, in 1818, George, then Prince of Wales, paid a visit to Sir Charles Chad, and was received with a salute from the old castle guns, he was so delighted with the charm and sentiment of the place that he is said to have exclaimed: "I had no idea I had such a delightful spot in my kingdom." Such might well be the thought echoed in the minds of all who for the first time visit Brownsea. ROBERT LUTYENS.



10.—"THE YELLOW GIRL": VAN LOO.



11.—"THE BLUE GIRL": SIR PETER LEY.

THE CUCKOO'S MORE INTIMATE HABITS

ONE CUCKOO: ONE DUPE.

IN recent years it has been established beyond all manner of doubt that at least many female cuckoos occupy each a particular territory, or breeding area, to which in many cases they return year after year. The discovery of this highly important fact is due to the oologist, who is enabled to prove it through the great degree of variation in the eggs of different individual cuckoos. Investigations showed generally that cuckoo's eggs taken round about one place tend to be indistinguishable from one another but quite distinct from others found further afield. Thus the sphere of influence of each cuckoo can be defined by the type of egg found within its boundaries.

Each cuckoo is parasitic upon a particular species of dupe, and the extent of the breeding area probably very largely depends upon the numbers of this species present. Thus, cuckoos accustomed to dupe such species as meadow pipits and reed warblers, which are so often found breeding in what may almost be termed colonies, are frequently content with quite a small territory, while cuckoos victimising species such as pied wagtails and robins must, as a rule, range over a much wider area. Bearing these facts in mind, it early became evident to me that if I wished to keep a cuckoo under close observation throughout the season, this being the only sure way of getting at the truth about her, I must first find one in occupation of a compact area of limited extent. Such a one I came across in one of the Midland counties in the shape of a small bracken and gorse-covered common tenanted by an isolated community of meadow pipits. Here in 1918 I found nine eggs of a cuckoo, all, with one exception (and that a skylark), in nests of meadow pipits. In 1919 the same cuckoo was back again, and I took sixteen of her eggs, all in nests of her favourite dupes. COUNTRY LIFE has already published an account of this cuckoo's doings in 1918 and 1919. In 1920 she returned once more, and I took the unprecedented number of twenty-one of her eggs, actually watching her lay and deposit many of them. She was again faithful to the meadow pipit in every case but one, the exception being a tree pipit. As I shall have occasion to refer to the operations of this cuckoo in her third season, I give in tabulated form the leading particulars of her record series of eggs.

Index No. of cuckoo's eggs.	Fosterer.	Contents immediately before deposition. Eggs.	Date when egg found.	Date when laid.	Time of day when laid.
1	Meadow pipit	—	May 20	May 13*	—
2	"	—	" 15	" 15*	—
3	"	—	" 21	" 17*	—
4	"	—	" 19	" 19*	—
5	"	3	" 22	" 21	After 12 noon.
6	"	1	" 24	" 23	After 3 p.m.
7	"	2	" 26	" 25	—
8	"	1	" 27	" 27	Before 5.45 p.m.
9	"	1	" 31	" 29	—
10	"	3	" 31	" 31	Before 3.55 p.m.
11	"	4	June 2	June 2	4.30 p.m.
12	"	3	" 4	" 4	3.10 p.m.
13	"	5	" 6	" 6	3.45 p.m.
14	"	2	" 8	" 8	4.45 p.m.
15	Tree pipit ..	5	" 10	" 10	About 6.10 p.m.
16	Meadow pipit	2	" 12	" 12	4.30 p.m.
17	"	1	" 16	" 16	5.45 p.m.
18	"	5	" 18	" 18	3.5 p.m.
19	"	1	" 22	" 20	Before 1 p.m.
20	"	5	" 22	" 22	2.5 p.m.
21	"	4	" 28	" 27	After 4.30 p.m.

* The evidence for these four dates is circumstantial, but I am fully satisfied that they are correctly given.

All these eggs are exactly alike and of a very distinctive type, so much so, in fact, that I have seen none with which they could be confused among many hundreds of other cuckoos' eggs examined. Moreover, by the latter half of the season we had become so familiar with her habits that I had learnt how to foretell accurately when and where she would lay and deposit her next egg and, accompanied by friends, watched her do so in the cases of her eleventh, thirteenth, fourteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and twentieth eggs. In addition we ought to have seen the deposition of at least the twelfth, fifteenth and nineteenth eggs.

MAKING THE CUCKOO LAY.

During my second season with this cuckoo I had formulated the theory that, given a regular supply of suitable nests of her natural dupes, she would lay and deposit an egg at constant intervals of some forty-eight hours, and that the number of her eggs would also depend in large measure upon nests being available at the right times.

There were only nine pairs of meadow pipits on this little common, and this small number of potential fosterers involved, in the effort to induce the cuckoo to lay a record number of eggs, an immense amount of work in the way of observing and influencing their nesting operations so that there should always be at

least one nest ready against the requirements of the cuckoo. It should be noted here that if from any cause a pipit loses its eggs it can generally be relied upon to build and lay again in about a week.

In the finding and selecting of nests the cuckoo leaves nothing to chance, and is, undoubtedly, always fully aware of the proceedings of the fosterers in her territory. She deliberately watches their actions from particular observation trees, and over and over again we saw her intently gazing at meadow pipits building. On many occasions we watched her fly down to take a close and momentary glance at a nest, and in every such instance that nest afterwards received one of her eggs. In other words, the cuckoo decides days in advance where she will place an egg, and I am convinced that the watching of her intended dupes stimulates her own reproductive desires. This line of reasoning when taken in conjunction with the depredations early in June of a kestrel which had a nest and young not far away explains the deposition of the fifteenth egg in the nest of the tree pipit instead of a meadow pipit, and also the break in the regular laying of the cuckoo between the sixteenth and seventeenth eggs. About this time no fewer than five of the nine pairs of meadow pipits were dispersed; and, although the kestrel was not actually proved to have been the despoiler, yet it was seen about, from which it seems reasonable to assume that it hunted the ground successfully, upsetting not only our own calculations, but also those of the cuckoo. I contend that the cuckoo meant to place her fifteenth egg in a nest of one of these broken-up pairs of meadow pipits and "conceived" it—I use this word for want of a better—with that object in view. But her selected nest failed her, and she had perforce to make use of that of the tree pipits which she had possibly noted when engaged in watching a pair of her natural dupes. Nothing interfered with the due laying and deposition of the sixteenth egg. On the day when, according to schedule, the seventeenth egg should have appeared we kept the usual close watch on the cuckoo, but saw no signs of her laying it. For days afterwards we searched high and low, finding probably every nest of every species in the neighbourhood, but met with no trace of the cuckoo's egg. I now feel certain that it was in fact not laid until the date given for it, for the simple reason that owing to the kestrel's pillaging of the pipits the cuckoo for a few days had been deprived of the circumstances leading to the "conception" of this seventeenth egg.

LAYING TO SCHEDULE.

As the observational net closed around the bird I found that she laid in the afternoon and not in the early morning as I had all along expected that she would do. Having acquired this knowledge I was enabled with the aid of the carefully kept daily record of the doings of each pair of pipits to forecast the nest in which the cuckoo would deposit her eleventh egg, and consequently we, soon after midday, took up positions which commanded the spot. Not only was this the likeliest nest available, but the cuckoo had been seen to fly from it three days previously when the nest held one egg. About 2 p.m. the cuckoo singled herself out from two accompanying males and settled in a tree which gave her a good view of the pair of pipits owning the nest. Half an hour later she flew, attended by the pipits, down to the site of the nest and back again. She repeated the performance no fewer than four times in ten minutes, but on the last occasion flew away and disappeared amid the trees. I went across to the nest and saw the pipit's eggs there just as they should be. There was nothing for it but again to take up the watching position. Towards 3.30 p.m. back came the cuckoo into the tree, taking up the same perch she had occupied earlier in the afternoon. Here she remained in an absolutely motionless attitude until at 4.30 she floated down from the tree and settled for a few seconds beside the nest. In these fleeting moments she laid her egg, inserted it with her bill and removed one of the fosterer's eggs in exchange for her own. Very much the same sort of thing happened on the several subsequent occasions we witnessed, but the cuckoo did not usually make so many preliminary flights to and over the dupe's nest. There was the long and motionless sitting in one of her usual observation trees, during which time the egg must be brought practically to the point of extrusion. Then suddenly would come the peculiarly fascinating floating glide to the side of the nest, the few seconds of laying and deposition, followed by the final and brisker flight from the scene. After laying, the cuckoo would give her characteristic "bubbling" call, much as the domestic fowl cackles after laying. There were only two occasions on which the stay of the cuckoo by the nest was not a matter of seconds only, and then her visitations lasted for ten and thirty minutes respectively. In both of these cases the incubation of the fosterer's eggs had already commenced, and if her delay at the nest-side did not show deliberate action on the part of the cuckoo to chill and retard the already developing eggs, then it is more difficult to believe in coincidence. EDGAR CHANCE.

THE SECOND EARL OF WARRINGTON'S SILVER PLATE.—I

By H. AVRAY TIPPING.



1.—AN OVAL WINE CISTERN.

From the scroll handles emerge boars—the Warrington supporters. Height, 15ins. ; width, 25ins. ; weight, 280 oz. By Phil. Rolles, 1701.

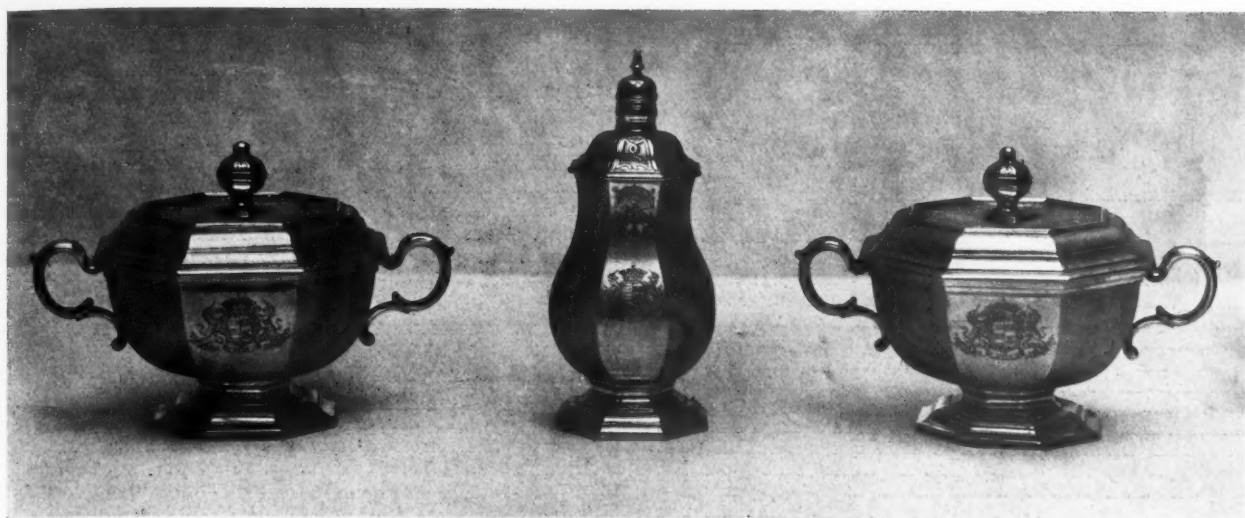
THERE is a strong ethical and historic quality about the collection of plate which will be dispersed on Wednesday, April 20th, by Messrs. Christie. It consists of some 18,000 oz. weight of silver articles, nearly all of which were acquired by one man for his use. He did not get them together as objects of art and vertu. They were the products of the day best adapted to his requirements as an important householder. There were numerous items towards the due equipment of dining-room and bed-chamber—such as plates and basins—which, though of this expensive material and produced by skilled craftsmen, were by right adaptation to their purpose of entire plainness. But there were others which, while retaining the form and character

of their original purpose, were dominated by the sense of display and were to fulfil their part as the gorgeous ornaments of the great man's feast or the great lady's toilet. George, second Earl of Warrington, came of age soon after he succeeded his father in 1694 and he lived till 1758. The sixty-four years of his tenure of the Warrington title and Dunham Massey estates synchronise with the fullest period of oligarchic feeling and oligarchic rule in England. The 1688 Revolution, which his father had aided, established the social and political supremacy of the Whig magnates. They were as a class men of high intelligence and education, by whom some knowledge and appreciation of art and architecture, in the forms then fashionable, were held to be an essential part of a gentleman's mental equipment.



2.—CANDLESTICKS AND TOILET BOX.

The latter 9½ins. wide, the former 6½ins. high.



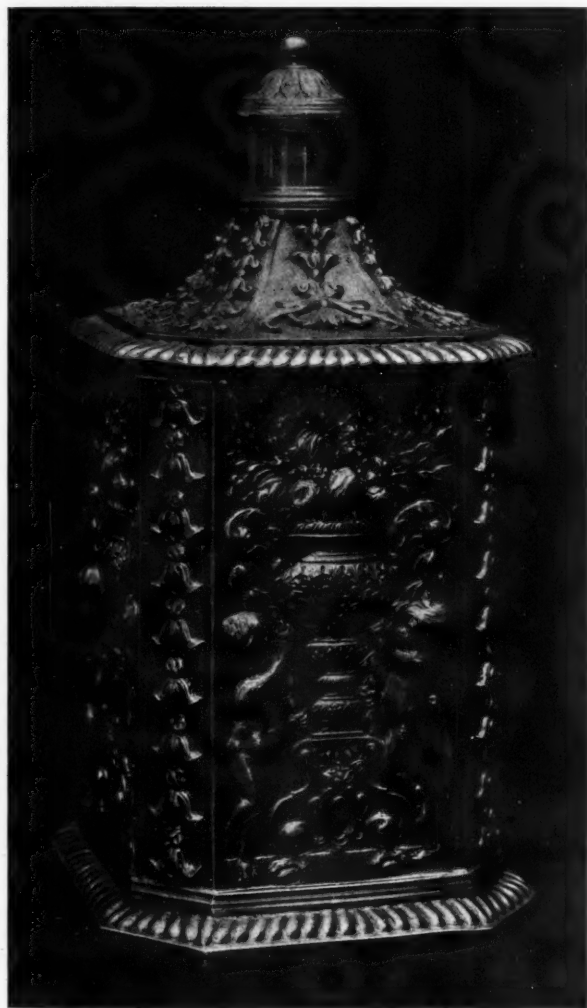
3.—SCENT BOTTLE AND COVERED CUPS.

The latter 5ins. wide, the former 6½ins. high. Parts of a toilet set of twenty-one pieces with moulded borders, engraved with the arms of the Earl of Stamford impaling those of his wife, heiress to Lord Warrington, who presumably had it made for her by Magdalen Feline in 1754. Total weight, 420 oz.

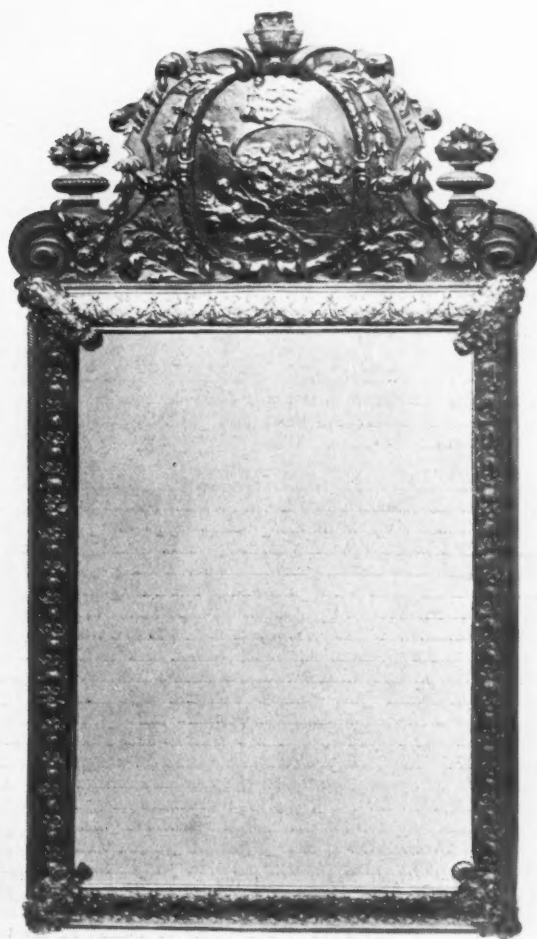
There was refinement in the appointments of their homes, but also parade and lavishness. They were superior persons and had no intention of hiding their superiority under a bushel. The second Earl of Warrington, who had no political importance, exhibited these characteristics in his social life, in the paraphernalia of which silver plate was an important item. Early Georgian taste was indeed fine, but laid a little too much stress on the rich and heavy. There could not be more material in the Warrington plate, or richer treatment than that of the decorative pieces. And in both respects there was a tendency towards increase. The wine cistern of the Earl's youth (Fig. 1) is an

important and well decorated piece. But it has reserve and weighs only 280 oz. The toilet set of his middle age (Figs. 2, 4 and 5) far outsteps it in richness and weighs 660 oz.

It was by marriage that the Booths obtained Dunham Massey in Cheshire in 1421. Two centuries and more later Sir George Booth, who had been at first a strong Parliament man, fell away from the Commonwealth *régime*, headed the Cheshire outbreak against it in 1659 and was created Baron Delamere when Charles II came into his own. But the Booths were no Divine Right men, and the second baron was in some danger of his life owing to his share in the Rye House Plot and the



4.—SCENT BOTTLE, 6½INS. HIGH



5.—MIRROR, 36INS. HIGH, 21½INS. WIDE.

The above all belong to a toilet set of seventeen pieces, weighing 660 oz., made by Isaac Liger in 1728. Mythological subjects enrich the cresting of the mirror and the eight box lids. All the surfaces are freely enriched.



6.—BOWL, COVER AND STAND

One of a pair boldly decorated with raised strapwork and rosettes, gadrooned borders and scrolled handles. Height, 5½ ins.; weight, 101 oz. By Isaac Liger, 1728.

Monmouth Rebellion. With the advent of Dutch William all danger passed and the period of Whig rule began. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1689, and retiring in the following year was given the Warrington earldom. After four years' enjoyment thereof he passed away and his son, Thomas, aged nineteen, ruled in his stead. He remained a bachelor until he was twenty-six and then wedded the daughter and co-heir of Citizen John Oldbury, receiving £40,000 as her portion. The earliest piece of his plate that will appear in the King's Street Rooms is of this date and is the wine cistern already mentioned. It was made by Philip Rolles and bears the London date mark for 1701-2. Its handles take the form of scrolls out of which issue the boars that were the Warrington supporters, so that the design was specially made for the Earl,



7.—OBLONG TEA CADDY.

Engraved with Cupids and birds amid arabesque foliage. The Warrington arms in the centre. Weight, 9 oz. 7dwts. Circa 1740.

although his arms, prominent on so many pieces, are absent. The base has a gadrooned edge and the convex portion of the bowl is boldly embossed with long ovals within strapwork. The rim is applied and has a charming leaf ornament descending into the interior of the vessel. In the management of both form and enrichment it is quite masterly. It is an altogether charming and desirable piece, for it has neither the immense size nor the excessive ornamentation that make it difficult for many of the wine cisterns of the period to find a present home. That is the weak point of the toilet service already mentioned. It is so ample, heavy and sumptuous; so exactly right for a Whig Oligarch! But is it not a little out of the picture in a world trying to make itself "safe for Democracy," even although millionaires continue to thrive? It consists of seventeen pieces—boxes large and small, oblong and octagonal, candlesticks and scent bottles, brushes and whisks—everything in pairs except the yard high gorgeously framed mirror (Fig. 5). Gods and goddesses display themselves thereon and mythological subjects stretch across the lids of the boxes (Fig. 2), which have festooned bands and gadrooned edges. Quite exquisite in design and craftsmanship are the scent bottles (Fig. 4). The corners are chamfered and a husk drop runs down them,



8.—COVERED JUG.

One of a pair with scrolls of rococo character on a scale pattern ground. Masks and festoons below the spouts. The Booth crests engraved. Height, 14 ins.; weight, 202 oz. By Paul Lamerie, 1732.

The four panels, with Cupids supporting a vase of flowers, have more of the Early Italian feeling than we expect to find at a date when the rococo influence was spreading. Isaac Liger, who made the set in 1788, was for a while the Earl's favourite silversmith. Pairs of candlesticks were obtained from him at intervals between 1705 and 1730. The latest items were many dozens of spoons and forks with the Booth arms, dated 1735 and 1736 and weighing about 600 oz. Basins and bowls, inkstands and snuffer trays bear various dates before that, and in the same year as the toilet set he supplied a delightful pair of bowls, covers and stands (Fig. 6), where the ornamentation somewhat resembles that of Rolles' wine cistern, except that the strapping is enriched with rosettes and no boars emerge from the scrolls of the handles. The workmanship is very good, but not equal for sureness of line and crispness of finish to the only important pieces that bear the mark of Paul Lamerie. They are a pair of 14 in. high jugs (Fig. 8), weighing over 200 oz. Rococo is the basis of the decorative scheme. Scrolls of conventionalised leafage appear on base and body, handle and lid. An exquisitely chased mask and festoons of flowers enrich the spout. The groundwork is mainly an engraved scale pattern,

but the owner's crests are rightly displayed on a plain area. As an example of engraving covering the whole surface and yet producing the impression of reserve, a little tea caddy (Fig. 7) is very successful. Amid arabesque foliage birds and trumpeting boys disport themselves, while an earl's coronet surmounts the three boars' heads of the Booth shield.

Late in life Lord Warrington favoured 'Edward Feline', but, it would seem, outlived him. The earliest items from him are a pair of salvers dated 1746; others followed, and also plates, bowls and basins. But by the time the Earl wished to make a present to his daughter and heiress, wife to the fourth Earl of Stamford, Edward Feline is presumably dead and his widow carries on the business, so that the toilet set (Fig. 3) of 1754 bears the mark of Magdalen Feline. It is composed of twenty-one pieces, but weighs quite one-third less than Liger's set,

than which it is altogether more reserved and, perhaps, on that account, more sympathetic to us. The bowls and covers are particularly agreeable in form. All the pieces depend largely for distinction on the fine, clean, bold mouldings of foot and cover. But the borders of flat strapwork enclosing shells and masks give just the right touch of richness. The arms show the destination of the set, the Grey barry of six impaling the Booth boar-heads. Magdalen Feline continued to be employed by Lord and Lady Stamford after the death of the latter's father, for an inkstand dated 1762 is among the lots by her which will be offered on April 20th. Before that date illustrations and descriptions will be given of several remarkable pieces by Peter Archambo, who made many of the fine articles that Lord Warrington acquired during the middle years of his life.

ON THE GREEN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

WHAT HAS SUNNINGDALE TAUGHT US?

HE who sits on the fence is, I suppose, in a poor spirited attitude. I envy those strong-minded people who, after last Saturday's test of the floating ball, have made up their minds one way or the other.

Incidentally, I think that some at least of them had made their minds up in a very determined manner beforehand. Whether that be so or not I cannot make up my own. It seems to me impossible to do so without seeing how the ball behaves in a stiff wind. At Sunningdale the weather was so perfect that it nearly killed the competition with kindness. There was nothing but common human frailty to prevent one going perfectly dead straight. There was no wind to hit the ball through, no wind to hit it against. All we know is that in these almost enervating conditions there is very little difference in the scores which good players on their game will return whether they play with a heavy ball or a floater. Certainly it would be hard to imagine a round better than Mr. de Montmorency's 71.

The floating ball is supposed to demand the greater degree of skill from the player. In a wind I have no doubt whatever that it would do so. The question is whether it might demand too much. On a dead still day it appears to be in some respects a leveller. As regards length of driving, it certainly brought middle-aged gentlemen such as myself more nearly into the same parish with such hitters as Mr. Tolley and Mr. Wethered. The ball did not seem to respond to the club which comes down on it at a terrific pace when wielded by a pair of tremendously powerful wrists. A more slowly moving club seemed to do the business adequately well, and the athletic player was robbed of some of his advantage. Again, in the matter of pitching, the player who can get a great deal of back-spin on the ball and make it grip the ground did not appear to reap quite his due reward, because the lighter ball, if one got it well into the air, would sit down on the putting green of its own accord. On the other hand, in the matter of long iron shots up to the green the light ball did call for more control and management. With the heavy ball the modern player is apt to take the most lofted iron club that will compass the required distance and then give the ball "a good hard knock." This method causes the floating ball to soar mountains high, and, on anything but such a dead still day as was Saturday, it would clearly have become a plaything for the winds.

As to what would happen, let us say, in a Hoylake gale I am not at all sure. In a steady but not violent wind the skilled player would, I am sure, be able to control the ball, and that would be all to the good of the game. But I have my doubts whether in a really big wind the game might not be too difficult for nearly everybody. And when one says "too difficult" one is not merely thinking of a proper test of skill, but of the pleasure of playing golf. A game that was too strenuous and exhausting would not be good fun, and we do want fun out of our golf. On a still day the game with the floater is to me personally very pleasant indeed. I like the sensation of hitting the ball, and I believe that most people of only average strength would, if they gave it a trial, enjoy it, too. I will go so far as to say that they would enjoy it more than they do the hitting of any of the heavy balls, and, leaving the question of the actual floater on one side, I believe that most of us have been trying to play with balls that are too

heavy for us. Beyond that I am not at the moment prepared to go.

There is just one more thing. This question ought to be judged as impersonally as possible—admittedly a difficult thing to do. I heard people say at Sunningdale, as an argument against the floater, that if this ball came in, so-and-so would not be able to play his fine high iron shots and somebody else would have to change his style. Now if, for the matter of argument, the game of golf were improved for the great body of players by the floating ball, any particular gentleman's iron shots would not matter a row of pins. The point to discover is whether the game would be improved and to disregard individual instances.

REFLECTIONS ON THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

The Oxford and Cambridge match is comparatively old history by now. It was played on a date inconsiderately inconvenient for those who have to "go to press." Yet I must say a little about it because the Oxford men played so remarkably well. I did not see the famous Oxford side of 1900 play against Cambridge when they scored their 69 holes to nothing, although I often played against them on other occasions. I certainly do not think—possibly this is a sign of senile decay—that this year's side was better than Mr. Hunter's was; but I am quite sure that I personally never saw such good play in any University match as I did this year. Mr. Wethered was magnificent; Mr. Tolley was hardly less good when he had any need to be, for he always rose to the occasion. These two we knew would be very good, and a great deal was justifiably expected of Mr. Malik; but Mr. Thomas and Mr. Pakenham Walsh, if there is something less of distinction about their game, also played such really excellent golf that anybody would have found it very hard to beat.

Yet I think the hero of the two days' play was a Cambridge man, who lost both his matches—Mr. Walker. The way in which he clung to Mr. Wethered—who was playing his very best—and very nearly wore him down at last was an object lesson in pluck and match-playing ability. Moreover, he was not only indomitably courageous, but he played really fine golf. Elegant he is not. His methods are rather clumsy, and his habit of swinging his right foot round at the end of the stroke is most unorthodox; but the ball flew both far and sure, and time and again he put his iron shots close to the hole. His high, heaving shot with an iron, played with a good deal of knee and body work and very nearly a full swing, is contrary to all the teaching of the learned men, and I cannot think it would always be so consistently effective as it was at Hoylake, but it is perhaps ungenerous to criticise even so much. Mr. Walker played splendidly both in the foursomes and in the singles, and whenever the big fights of the University match are talked about this one will be freshly remembered. We who were there shall always say, "Ah! but you should just have seen the match between Wethered and Walker."

Of the remaining Cambridge men Mr. Humphries had a disappointing match of it for his captain's year. He can play far better golf than he showed at Hoylake. The others were rather undistinguished, save Mr. Goadby, who, after the first day's play, awoke to find himself famous. In him Walton Heath and James Braid have between them a most promising product. Very big and strong, only eighteen years old and with a beautiful swing—here at any rate are all the makings of a golfer quite out of the common.

REALITIES OF WAR

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN'S book, letterpress and pictures together, supply an unforgettable memorial of France as he saw it in 1917-19. The pictures have mostly been seen on exhibition. The desolation and horror they express is mitigated but still easily visible in the black and white reproductions, Bapaume, La Boisselle, Pozières, Péronne and the No Man's Land which follows it, Courcellette—they and the shell-torn landscape. Sir William Orpen as an artist is unrelenting. Scarred earth, fragments of the dead, the wounded living, the madness caused by terror, nothing is omitted. Here is a country hurled back for more than a thousand years, civilisation having taken wings and flown from it. Nor is this impression relieved by the writing. Sir William carefully avoids anything in the shape of strained language. He does not burst into eloquence, nor does he feel himself in any way obliged to omit the pleasant moments of his tour, the cheerful meetings, the jovial dinners and other incidents that lighten the gloom. He is entirely unaffected and describes whatever comes along with an unpretentious sincerity that is more effective than any quantity of purple patches could be. Some of the incidents he relates are amusing and many extraordinary to the point of touching upon the bizarre. We must quote the following story in full as an example:

On this night, at about 9 o'clock, the early diners had gone, but there were about thirty of us left who would testify to the truth of this tale. A man walked in and sat down at a large, empty table. He was a French civilian, dressed in black, tall and slim, with an enormous brown beard—a "Landru." Marie Louise, one of the serving-girls, asked him what he required, and he said: "A glass of Porto." This she brought him, but as she was placing it on the table, he put out his hand and touched her arm, and let his fingers run very gently up and down it. He never spoke a word. She retired and returned with another glass of port, and sat down beside him and commenced to drink it; no word was uttered. Again he raised his hand, beckoned to another serving-girl; the same act was gone through, and she sat down with her port. This continued without a word of conversation until he had all the serving-girls, about eight of them, sitting round in silence. We all sat and looked on in amazement for a while, but after about ten minutes hunger got the better of us, and we started calling them for our food. They took not the slightest notice of us, but in the end we made so much noise that Monsieur Dyé, the manager of the hotel came in. He was a hot-tempered man, who never treated the girls under him kindly, and when he saw and heard his customers shouting for food, and saw all his serving-girls sitting down drinking port, his face went black with rage, and he rushed over to their table and cursed them all roundly, but they took not the slightest notice. Then he turned on the man with the beard and ordered him out of the hotel. He never answered, but got up slowly, put on his hat and left. As soon as he rose from the table all the girls went back to their work as if nothing had happened, and we continued our dinner. It was a strange affair—not one of those girls remembered anything about it afterwards.

The feature of personal interest will be found in his comments on what he saw while doing little drawings of delegates. He was usually perched on a window-sill. There he listened to Clemenceau putting the fear of death into the delegates of the smaller nations if they talked too long. President Wilson "occasionally rose and spoke of love and forgiveness." Mr. Balfour, "whose personality made all the other delegates look common, would quietly sleep." The only other man who could hold his own with Mr. Balfour in dignity was the Marquis Siongi. As to the peculiarities of the personages, President Wilson made a great hit with his smile. Lloyd George grew hair down his back, "I presume from Mr. Asquith's lead. Paderewski—well, he was always a made-up job." After he had finished painting Sir Henry Wilson the latter called him "a nasty little wasp" and kept a black book for any of his lady friends who said the sketch was like him. General Botha was elephantine—everything in him on an immense scale, even to his sense of humour. Lord Wester Wemyss brought the sea into the heart of Paris with him. Of General Sykes, "What a strange head! A sort of mixture between Hall Caine and Shakespeare." And Hall Caine used to quote a description of his own head as that of one between Shakespeare and Jesus Christ! Of Lord Riddell, "Riddell was a great chap, full of energy, full of an immense burning desire for knowledge on every subject, too, in the world. One always found him asking questions."

A graver note is sounded when Sir William deals with the calm assumption of the politicians that they had won the war, and their utter neglect of the soldiers:

I remember during the war, when a "frock" visited some fighting zone, he was always very well looked after and entertained by whatever H.Q. he visited, and I was amazed on this day to find Field-Marshal Lord Haig and General Sir John Davidson lunching alone at the "Majestic." Lord Allenby was also lunching at another table and General Robertson at another. To me it was understandable. These representatives of the dead and the living of the British Army,

on the day of its glory, being allowed to lunch alone, much as they might have wished it.

The war was over, the Germans were a long, long way from the coast or Paris. The whole thing was finished. Why worry now to honour the representatives of the dead, or the maimed, or the blind, or the living that remained? Why? In Heaven's name, why not?

Many people will no doubt buy *An Onlooker in France* (Williams and Norgate) because the proceeds are to be devoted to Lord Haig's Fund for Officers, but it is sure of a wide circulation on its merits alone.

EVERYMAN AND HIS MORALITY.

THE modern leaning towards what one may call the literature of Everyman is a reaction from the complexities of modern life. After living mentally for years on an artificial drama dealing with exaggerated and complicated emotions and more or less phantasmal afflictions and iniquities change and refreshment are found in turning to a line which deals only with the essentials. That is what the word "Everyman" implies. We may put it in this way. There is in mankind a common factor and there are given to many extraordinary gifts and strange peculiarities in which Everyman does not share except it may be in a dim sympathy. In more primitive times it must have been easier to write an Everyman morality than it is to-day, and our interesting contemporary the *Chapbook* has shown considerable courage in devoting an entire number to a single contribution called "A House" and described as a modern morality play. It is an experiment and we believe it will be successful. Ford Madox Hueffer is not entirely faultless in the execution of his work and yet he has grasped the fundamental idea that a piece of work like this should deal with humanity bared to the bone. He rightly bases his conception on the ideas of a child. When the House speaks it is to say:

"I am the House.
I resemble
The drawing of a child
That draws 'Just a House.'"

So the Tree by the House says:

"I am the great tree over above this house!
I resemble
The drawing of a tree. Drawing Just a Tree,
The child draws Me!"

So far so good; but the Nightingale, the next character to enter, like Silas Wegg, immediately drops into poetry and throws jewels over the House—a figure of speech bad because it is out of place. The House Dog goes back to the simplicity from which the author has departed.

"I am their dog. And I watch!
For my god is my God
Of the tilth, of the sod,
Of the warren and bog.
I am Just Dog."

The only fault of the Cat lies in being too clever for the morality:

"I am the Cat. And you lie!
I am the Atheist.
All laws
I coldly despise.
I have yellow eyes.
I am the Cat on the Mat the child draws
When it first has a pencil to use."

"Himself," by which we understand the Master of the House, is by turns good and bad. He is extremely human when he rounds off the speech with

"God, it is Hell to be poor
For ever and ever—keeping the wolf from the door. . ."

But there is not much holy simplicity about such language as:

"These blows were repercussions."

What a word for a poet to use! The Clock is capital:

"I am the clock on the shelf!
Is . . . Was . . . Is . . . Was . . .
He's late because . . . Too late . . . Because . . .
One . . . Two . . . Three . . . Four!"

The exchanges in dialect between the Maid and the Houseboy which fill several pages look as if they had been snipped out of a Victorian comedy but much amends is made by the House itself in an epilogue which brings the play to an end in the way it begins:

"I am their House!
I resemble
The drawing of a child.
Drawing 'Just a House' a child draws me
With a cowstall beside it, maybe, or a willow tree,
Or aspens that tremble."

Excellent: but there are spots on the sun and we love not the passage in which the House relates that the rain "percolates down some rather." "Percolates" is not so bad as "repercussions," but it is tainted with the same poison. A severe critic with a blue pencil could make a very fine thing of this too modern morality. He would have to cut out not only the ugly polysyllables, but also a few of the characters altogether. Then there would remain the stern essentials of life as conceived in the mind of a poet.

BOOKS WORTH READING

Mothwise, by Knut Hamsun. (Gyldendal, 6s.)
The Path of the King, by John Buchan. (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 6d.)
Forty Years of Trout and Salmon Fishing, by J. L. Dickie. (Heath Cranton, 12s. 6d.)

CORRESPONDENCE

"ST. JAMES'S PARK TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent, H. (March 26th issue), seems to have made some mistake in calling the strip of water in the first of his two interesting prints "The Long Water." "The Long Water" is clearly seen in the second print—"The Lake" of to-day—looking, as it does, from the courtyard of Old Buckingham House, down the Mall, with the water and the trees of Birdcage Walk on the right-hand side. In the first print, the pond lying close on the Piccadilly front of the Green Park, by the side of a pathway planted with trees and called at the time "Queen's Walk," seems to have had no particular name, but is often mentioned in books of the period as being a "canal or basin, lately made over against Devonshire House," being one of the reservoirs of the Chelsea Waterworks. There was an interesting and amusing placard, affixed at that time (1735) to the trees in the adjoining St. James's Park, to the effect that: "This is to give notice to all broken hearts, such as are unable to survive the loss of their lovers, and are come to a resolution to die, that an engineer from Flintshire having cruelly undertaken to disturb the waters of Rosamond's Pond in this Park, gentlemen and ladies cannot be accommodated

with suspicion, but his wife soon persuaded him I was harmless. One day I had been sitting quite close to the nest for at least half an hour, when suddenly there was a most alarming scuffle in the ivy, and an immense bird dashed out, nearly hitting my head, and flew into a distant clump of trees, giving vent to lusty cries of "Cuckoo, cuckoo." I bethought me of my poor little friends the robins, and, sure enough, in place of the small eggs which had occupied the nest that morning there was one large one. The remarkable thing was, What had become of the robin's eggs? There was no sign of them, not so much as a bit of broken shell anywhere to be seen! How had the cuckoo disposed of them? She was on the nest, as I knew, for a long time. This egg duly hatched out and became a most ferocious gentleman, who hissed at me and opened a huge yellow be-whiskered beak and pecked my finger lustily. The poor little robins worked themselves to the bone trying to keep the ever-hungry monster going, till one fine day he descended with a clatter from the nest, attended by his devoted foster-parents, and I saw the trio no more. I think this episode clears up two rather doubtful points in the domestic arrangements of the cuckoo. First, it shows that she lays her egg in the nest and not on the ground (some persons maintain she carries her egg when laid into the home selected for

THE POULTRY KEEPING EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Owing to the Easter holidays I have not sold so many eggs for hatching. The following is my statement for week ending March 30th:

Capital, £1,500.	Land, 3 acres.	Birds:
Cocks, 49;	hens, 945;	total, 994.
1,764lb. of food eaten (grain and meal)	£	s. d.
Shell and grit	14	8 0
Time paid out for labour	0	7 0
	3	0 0
	£17	15 0
or 4.28d. per bird.		
Carriage on eggs	2	6 6
Advertising, £2 8s.; rent, 10s.;		
depreciation, plant, £1;	4	18 0
	£24	19 6
or 6.03d. per bird, or 1.45d. per egg laid.		
4,114 eggs were laid during the week:		
1,217 sold for sitting	£25	15 6d. (at 5.09d. ea.)
3,189 sold for eating	26	2 5 (at 1.96d. ea.)
4406	51	17 11
or 12.53d. per bird.		
Balance	£26	18s. 5d.

Some interesting facts:

Eggs produced cost for	This week.	Last week.
food and labour	1.03d.	1.12d. each
Eating eggs sold for	1.96d.	1.77d. each
Each bird ate	28.39	29.29 oz.
Grain and meal cost per lb.	2.01d.	2.12d.

F. G. PAYNTER.

MERSHAM HATCH: A LINK WITH JANE AUSTEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—When reading Mr. Arthur Bolton's most interesting account of Mersham Hatch, in your issue of March 26th, I was surprised that no mention was made of the fact that "The Right Hon. Sir Edward (1781-1849), ninth baronet, who was twice married," married as his second wife, Fanny, Jane Austen's favourite niece, of whom she wrote that she was "almost another sister."—GLADYS PETO.

INTENSIVE CULTIVATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—By some unaccountable perversity of Parliament the Agriculture Bill has been shorn of its most salutary purpose, which was to give power to the State to ensure the farming of the soil of Great Britain in a proper business-like manner, so that it might produce, what it can well do, at least half as much again of food for the population as it does at present. But, Bill or no Bill, the public has a right to ask why the Government should not take some practical step towards securing a similar increase by adopting the course recommended by the recent Parliamentary Committee, viz., the formation of model farms in each part of the country, to be worked on the most scientific and businesslike principles, and with all the most modern equipment necessary for intensive cultivation. Public money expended upon these, instead of on superfluous Ministers of Transport and similar excrescences, would be, not waste but a most remunerative investment, and one which should be initiated without further delay, in what is beyond question the most vital interest of the nation. Such a model farm, established in each district, would set a much needed object lesson and standard of production, to which the landowners and farmers around it must surely conform, or else be shown disqualified to occupy and employ, in a less efficient and productive manner, land which, although allotted to their private use, is really national property, and indeed by far the most important of our national assets. Left to itself British farming does not tend to improve, but to deteriorate. Its produce thirty or forty years ago was far greater in proportion to the population than it is now. If the soil of the United Kingdom were cultivated as, for instance, the average Belgian soil was cultivated before the war, it would produce sufficient food for at least 37,000,000 inhabitants, instead of for about 17,000,000 as it does at present. What further need be said?—LOWTHER BRIDGER.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT HYDE PARK CORNER.
From an old print.

there as formerly. And whereas certain daughters of Eve have been since tempted to make use of the Serpentine and other rivers . . . this is therefore to certify all persons whatsoever labouring under the circumstances aforesaid that the basin in the Upper or Green Park is a most commodious piece of water, in admirable order, and of a depth sufficient to answer the ends of all sizes and conditions. Wherefore all persons applying themselves thereto will be sure to meet with satisfaction." While on the subject of the parks, I send you a pleasant old print that you may care to reproduce. It shows, as you see, Queen Victoria in her carriage, at Hyde Park Corner. I do not know the date, but perhaps some reader with a knowledge of Victorian fashions can discover it from the costumes. There is, for example, what I take to be the pork-pie hat of the pretty young lady in the riding habit.—R. L.

THE BOLD CUCKOO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—About eight years ago I had a very interesting experience. I was then occupying an ivy-covered house, in front of which was a terrace where I used to sit. One spring a pair of robins built a nest in the ivy, so low down that I could easily see into it by standing on tip-toe. Here were laid five or six eggs, and the birds grew so tame that they did not mind my presence. At first the cock bird viewed me

its reception); secondly, that the hen bird "cuckoos" as well as the cock, which point has also given rise to much controversy.—ELEANOR PEEL.

SULPHUR AND THE BIRD PLAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The bane of the gardener and small-holder just now is the plague of birds, which, so soon as any sign of green shows above the ground, begin their depredations and ruin the crops. The old method of keeping off the birds by a network of cotton entanglements is costly and, especially where the holding is fairly large, entails a great deal of work. A better way is to use sulphur. Immediately the greens show above ground a sprinkling of sulphur is scattered all along the line of sowing and the birds will no longer trouble the plants. Crude sulphur can be bought cheaply, and the work of sprinkling it over the growing plants is very slight. It helps the plants to grow, and experience has proved it to be more effective than any other form of treatment for keeping off the birds.—W. S.

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may be of interest to your readers that to-day (April 1st) I saw a swallow for the first time this year. This is about ten days earlier than usual, and the locality is a cold one, 400ft. above sea-level.—A. P. K.

A COUNTRY HOME IN BELGIUM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you some photographs of a fine old country place near Brussels. Art and nature combine to make of Rixensart one of the most attractive spots in Brabant. The

first lords of the village were a branch of the family Limal, now extinct. Later it was owned by the ancient families of Croy and Spinola, and from 1715 it has been in the family of the present owner, the Comte de Mérode. A fine drive approaches the castle entrance, on the right farm buildings, on the left the chapel,

now the village church. In the middle a row of tall trees leads to a tower with a Renaissance arched doorway opening into a quadrangular inner court, with a succession of arcades on three sides dated 1631, 1660, 1668 and 1648, when the manor was rebuilt. On the side of the park the castle with its turrets, terraces, gardens and ponds, planned by the celebrated Le Nôtre, makes a charming picture. —C. A. KOMAROWSKY.



THE CHATEAU OF RIXENSART FROM THE PARK



THE ENTRANCE TO THE INNER COURT.

"FEMINA AND FOOTBALL."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I desire to congratulate Constance Holme on her most beautiful article in regard to our team. May I, however, take the liberty of correcting an error? The article in question states that our team is composed of lady professional players. This is not the case, as they are amateurs in the strict sense of the word, as not one of them receives any reward for her services, nor do any of the officials. We play absolutely to help deserving charities. —A. FRANKLAND, Hon. Secretary of the Dick, Kerr Ladies' Football Club.

EARL BROWNLOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Forgive my drawing your attention to the following: In the paragraph in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for March 26th concerning the late Earl Brownlow, my first cousin, you say Lord Brownlow's successor is the Hon. Adelbert Brownlow (*sic*); this should read "Major Adelbert Cockayne Cust" (not "Hon." not "Brownlow"). Major A. C. Cust is brother to the late Harry Cust. —CHRISTOPHER J. H. TOWER.

INDIA'S MYSTERIOUS "WIRELESS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—“G. R.,” in his letter on “The Arab Coffee Shop,” speaks of the talk of the bazaar in Baghdad of the happenings in Europe before the official news was received. In India, long before the days of telegrams, and during the days of long sea voyages round the Cape, it was possible to hear European news in the up-country bazaars. At that time comparatively few of the native races had come to Europe, and it must have been, except for hearsay, an unknown land. My father said he had often heard both his father and grandfather speak of this strange telepathy between the continents, but hardly believed the fact. However, when he had finished his education in England he returned to India (where his father was a judge). He went in for coffee planting, and was a pioneer in a then little known district in the Nilgarri Hills, taking up his land by a special grant from the ruler of the district. He was, perhaps, the first Englishman to settle there. He had an extraordinary power of mastering dialects, and during the Franco-Prussian War he heard of the siege of Paris, and of its fall, as common talk in the bazaar by people who could not possibly have known France. The information was always reliable, and confirmed when letters and newspapers arrived a few weeks later. —H. T. C.

THE BOLD CUCKOO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Shane Leslie, in COUNTRY LIFE of March 12th, writes: “I wonder if you can find an instance of a cuckoo's egg laid in a nest built against the wall of an inhabited house?” I can give you one instance, for it happened here some years ago. Our head-gardener came to me one morning and told me that there was a nestling cuckoo in a water wagtail's nest in the ivy on the wall of the house—under a verandah that passed in front of our morning-room window. I went at once to look at it. It was not high up (I had to stoop my head a little to look at it). Directly we got near the nest and before we parted the ivy to look at it we heard a loud hissing noise which got louder as we displaced the ivy to look at the nest. At first all I could see was a large, yellow-rimmed gaping beak, which I found belonged to a very fine young cuckoo nearly fledged with very handsome plumage. It completely filled the nest and there was no sign of any other young birds. We watched afterwards and saw the water wagtail pair feeding it industriously, and judging by the size of the bird, it must have taken them all their time to keep that gaping beak filled! The house was inhabited then with a large party of girls and boys, all of whom had a look at the nest; but we took care not to disturb the birds or their charge, and we afterwards saw the cuckoo, sitting on a tennis net on the lawn with the two water wagtails still in attendance, a very beautiful bird. —K. E. ANSON HORTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

KNOLE TO BE LET

ANNOUNCEMENTS of houses to be let furnished are among the common-places of life, but it is something exceptional and noteworthy when such an announcement is made in respect of one of the most celebrated of the stately homes of England. Yet this is the case of Knole, which, with immediate possession, is to be let furnished for a term. Thus some fortunate individual has the unique opportunity of occupying as a residence what the visitor may only see as a passing show in a round of inspection of the wonderful rooms of the house. And what memories are recalled by Knole! There are noble English houses of equal size and greater sumptuousness, and more complete in architectural character, such as Burghley, Hatfield, Blenheim and Castle Howard; and others may claim a greater age and a longer period of inhabitancy, like Penshurst, Warwick and Berkeley; but there is no other on so large a scale and in so comprehensive a manner that preserves as Knole does the picture of a great English seat. For more than three hundred years it has been the home of the Sackvilles, whose family possession it still remains, and from the days when it first took shape as a country mansion for Archbishop Bourchier, towards the end of the fifteenth century, and on through Tudor, Jacobean and Georgian times, it has witnessed a rich pageant of domestic life. It was here in 1485 that Bourchier heard that the last of the Plantagenets had fallen at Bosworth and that Henry Tudor was King. Here, too, that the Henries themselves, great Harry especially, sojourned royally. But though something still remains of Bourchier's day, the Knole that we see is for the most part the creation of the early years of the seventeenth century. Sir Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, obtained possession of the place in 1603, and started on a great scheme of building to make Knole worthy as the chief country seat of his family. But as regards the furnishing of it, he had not got very far when he died in 1609, nor did his son, who survived him only a twelvemonth, add much. It was his grandson, Richard, the third earl, returning from abroad in 1612, who began the course of sumptuous and expensive furnishing which is one of the glories of Knole.

KNOLE AND ITS SETTING.

LET the reader recall the wonderful setting of this house. A drive opening from one of the streets of Sevenoaks town and stretching up hill and down dale across the splendidly timbered park brings us to the plateau on which the mass of the building stands. The west front stretches its long length of mullioned windows and shapely bays before us. In the centre rises a three-storied gateway tower, with loftier stair turrets at its corners—all built, like the bulk of the fabric, of stone which has weathered to a beautiful tone. Through the tiled roof rise massive stacks of red brick chimneys, a cluster of octagonal shafts with richly moulded members. It is a *coup d'œil* at once arresting and fascinating. We approach nearer and passing through the outer gateway come into the Green Court. There directly facing us is Bourchier's Gatehouse, with its oriel-windowed private chapel, embattled above and crowned by a clock and bell cupola whose "Gothic" design stands as evidence of an architectural fashion that spent itself a hundred years ago. This gatehouse forms a lobby known as the Inner Wicket, from which doors open to right and left into the private apartments that occupy all the ground floor of the second quadrangle, or Stone Court, except on the east side, where stands Bourchier's much altered hall. In this is seen a great display of that Early Renaissance carving in wood and stone which is so distinguishing a feature of Knole. Leading out of the hall, one gains the great staircase, made resplendent with the art of the carver, working in the classical manner which was so new a thing in England. And then, on the first floor, come the celebrated rooms—the Cartoon Gallery, where Mytens' great canvases are hung; the Reynolds Room; the Ballroom, with a richly wrought plaster ceiling—one of the many for which Knole is famous; the Brown Gallery, lined all down each side with remarkable specimens of Dorset's furniture; the Leicester Gallery; King James I's Room, with its well known bed; the Venetian Room, hung with tapestries; and, most entrancing of all, the Spangled Room, which name is

derived from the fact that its furniture is upholstered in red satin set with silver spangles, and with cloth of gold *appliqué* patterns. But though these are the chief glories of the house, Knole has its more prosaic rooms, adapting it as a place to live in as well as to look at; and with a family suite of sixteen bedrooms, eleven bathrooms, nine reception-rooms and a billiard-room, to say nothing of commodious garages and stabling, tennis lawns and a covered squash court, it has everything to make it a convenient country house of our own day no less than a splendid heritage from the centuries that have passed.

LAND AT BOX HILL.

LORD FRANCIS PELHAM CLINTON HOPE has instructed Messrs. Humbert and Flint to offer for sale 2,100 acres of the Deepdene estate in about sixty lots at an early date. That the Duke's Plantation and Oak Wood, two prominent landmarks, and in all 250 acres on Box Hill, are included, will recall to readers the article in these columns on June 12th, 1920, "How to Complete Box Hill."

Great names are intimately associated with Box Hill, and there may be enough enthusiasm among the admirers of George Meredith's works, or those who still in fancy accompany the Canterbury Pilgrims to the shrine of Thomas à Becket along the Pilgrims Way—here, as at most points of its route, "remote, secluded, lovely"—to effect a purchase of the land for the public. Mr. Francis Watt in "Canterbury Pilgrims" suggests the association of Box Hill with yet another and not less notable "pilgrimage," for he points out that John Bunyan plied his trade of tinker between Guildford and Dorking before he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress." The loveliness of the scenery around Box Hill is well shown in the many illustrations which embellished the article by "P. A. G." in June last.

LAINSTON HOUSE, WINCHESTER.

THAT exquisitely proportioned late seventeenth century manor house, Lainston, near Winchester, is for sale privately through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, with the dairy farm of 204 acres and well timbered park. It is favourably placed for fishing in the Test and the Itchen.

About the building of the house and laying out of the grounds no record remains, but the estate has an interesting history dating from the gift of lands bequeathed to Winchester in 646 by the Saxon King Cynegil. A house has stood on the present site for centuries, seeing that in 1334 it was assessed at "£xii—3—iiii." Traditionally the house dates in part from the building of the "King's House" in Winchester. The King's Palace was begun early in 1683 from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. In 1721 Lainston was bought by John Merrill, who probably built the great octagonal dovecote, laid out the hexagonal walled garden, and planted the long avenue. His wife was Susanna Chudleigh, aunt of the beautiful Elizabeth (Swift's "Aelia Laelia Chudleigh"), simultaneously Marchioness of Bristol and Duchess of Kingston, her bigamous career being begun in the little church of Lainston, the roofless walls of which stand a short distance from the house.

Of the original interior fittings of Lainston not much remains, though there is one bedroom with large panels and an old fireplace, and the staircase is on beautiful lines and of first-rate old workmanship. Both the treads and the landings have bands of inlay. The house, enlarged and greatly improved by Mr. Samuel Bostock, who bought it from Sir Charles Hervey Bathurst, is, as was remarked in the illustrated description of the property in COUNTRY LIFE of March 8th, 1919, "a place to grow fond of."

MISS JEKYLL'S GARDEN DESIGNS.

MISS JEKYLL designed the gardens of High Mount, Guildford, which is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. A Japanese garden and a remarkable hedge of fuchsias are two of the notable points. The grass tennis courts at Westfield, a Wimbledon Common house, for sale by the firm, should be mentioned, and also the five-manual organ in the house. The beautiful up-river estate, Lechlade Manor, an Elizabethan house, with 650 acres, is also to be sold by the Hanover Square firm. Hunting

with four packs can be had, as the estate is at the junction of four counties. Next Thursday at St. Asaph, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will offer 1,200 acres, in sixty-two lots, of outlying portions of the Llannerch Park estate of Captain Piers Jones, including excellent salmon and trout fishing in the Clwyd and Elwy.

Miss Violet Lorraine's house and 10 acres, at Iwer, are about to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, whose auction of the Fairlight land, near Hastings, on behalf of the Hon. E. C. Harmsworth, was very successful. The land has considerable possibilities of development, being not a great distance from Hastings and Winchelsea, and prices reached a level hitherto unknown for land in that part.

EASTER TRANSACTIONS.

THE Easter holidays have somewhat interfered with the realisation of property, as well as the recording of the transactions. Among the more important recent country sales may be mentioned that of 178 acres, including 54 acres of glebe, at Wincanton, by Messrs. Senior and Godwin for £9,990; and 1,123 acres of the Stoke estate, Elston, Notts., by Messrs. J. H. Bradwell and Sons, for £42,000. Steady private dealing is going on with the West Tisted estate, Hants., by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker, who have just disposed of another farm of 126 acres. Approximately £100,000 worth of agricultural land has been sold, through Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, on the Compton Bishop estate, near Axbridge, of the late Sir John Mordaunt, mainly to the tenants. About 148 acres on the borders of the New Forest have changed hands, at Hamptworth, through Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey, for £3,680, much of it unreclaimed heath.

OPENING THE ST. JAMES'S SQUARE MART.

NEXT Tuesday will witness the opening of auctions in Messrs. Hampton and Sons' new mart in St. James's Square. The grand old Adam mansion was fully described in these columns recently (March 5th). The auction room will be found, by those who attend the sale next week, to be a worthy annexe to the mansion which Robert Adam built in 1772 for Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. It is, perhaps, one of the finest imaginable tributes to the perfection of Robert Adam's work that even the outbuildings of one of his houses should be capable of transformation, with comparatively little alteration, into the elegant room in which, for the future, real estate is to be sold.

LORD ROBERTS' HOUSE AT ASCOT.

ENGLEMER, Ascot, the home of the late Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, is for sale. It is a large mansion, close to the Heath and grand stand, containing twenty-eight bed and dressing rooms and eight bathrooms. There are very spacious reception rooms, and the house has its own electric lighting installation, passenger lifts worked by electricity, and a complete equipment of fire-extinguishing apparatus. There are 83 acres of land, and the grounds are of great beauty. The late Lord Roberts purchased Englemere in 1904, and the present house is, to all intents and purposes, practically new, having been mainly constructed since that date. Mr. Dyneley Luker is agent for the sale.

Pitt House, Hampstead, is for sale by Messrs. Robinson, Williams and Burnands.

No surprise will be felt if an early announcement is made that Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have found a purchaser for the famous moor near Harrogate, known as Blubberhouses. The sporting qualities of this extensive tract were very fully described in COUNTRY LIFE of March 19th last (page 355), and it is better known than it might otherwise have been among people who perhaps know and care little about shooting, but are fond of "records," for it was on Blubberhouses that Lord Walsingham shot 1,070 grouse.

LLANGOED CASTLE TO LET.

LLANGOED CASTLE, Llyswn, a few miles from Llandrindod, is to let furnished, by order of Captain H. A. Christy, by Messrs. Trollope. The house, rebuilt about eight years ago, should appeal to a sportsman, for besides 6,000 acres of shooting, it has nearly a couple of miles of fishing in the Wye. Last season, of sixty-eight salmon, averaging 15lb., fifty-four were killed before June. ARBITER.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS MINIATURE RIFLE SHOOTING

KING EDWARD'S, BIRMINGHAM.

THE Birmingham boys of shooting eight status struck me as already more than half men. Certainly the way in which they ran their own shooting practice, not to mention the scores they made, was very mature. Shooting is here done in the arched space under the main schoolroom. Whether its proper designation is cloister or crypt I cannot say, but it makes an admirable rifle range, subject only to one defect, which Birmingham enterprise should before now have remedied. At shooting time the sun strikes at right-angles, bathing the firing line with what

are arranged in tiers, the grouping card against what may be termed the bottom step, the rapid fire on the next, and the disappearing head-and-shoulders on the top. Vertical steel plates act as bullet stops, and as they were freshly painted, a most effective white background was provided.

A very interesting example of the ordinary classification test was on the programme for the day of my visit. The boys are dealt with in sixes, and Sergeant-Major Couchman being a rigid disciplinarian, they formed up on the firing line with military precision, and were required at the end of each series to collect the empty cases and stow them in the receptacle duly provided. Where hard mats are in use this simply-taken precaution makes for comfort. The system here adopted is to adjust each rifle for its ascertained appropriate elevation and to instruct the boys to correct their idiosyncrasies, if any, by aiming the requisite distance off the mark. They accordingly visit the butts after the grouping series, and judge from the position on the target where the shots have struck how they must correct their aim for the rapid and snap shot series, which follow. Perhaps, or probably, no other system is possible where only the Sergeant-Major is available to manage the range, direct the shooting, register the scores, and perform all other supervisory duties. The system is, of course, not calculated to extract the highest scoring capabilities of boys who group consistently wide of the bull or in elevation. I debated at some length with the commanding officer whether or not the military system of marksmanship theoretically requires



FIRING IN A CORRESPONDENCE MATCH: KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.

amounts to a superabundance of light, having regard to the fact that the total of diffused illumination is much below that of an open air range. In place of the much-needed curtain on-lookers will nobly act as screens, so seeking to intercept the direct impact of sunshine, and even holding a hat at arm's length.

The recently appointed commanding officer of the corps is Mr. H. S. Astbury, with Mr. H. R. Smith exercising particular supervision over the shooting. In Mr. Smith's absence one of the other masters supplies the necessary formal supervision, but, as before said, the boys, notably their shooting captain, Mr. D. V. Hague, carry out the executive work with efficiency and earnestness. During my visit a correspondence match with Rugby and Winchester was proceeding, and I was particularly struck by the quality of marksmanship which was exhibited under the conditions of firing ten shots in the minute at the tin-hat target. The resulting "groups" fully justified the use of the word in its technical sense, while their centring in the bull showed thorough familiarity between man and rifle. In the deliberate tendency was to make $\frac{1}{2}$ in. rather than in. groups, though this may have been partly due to the excellent condition of the rifles.

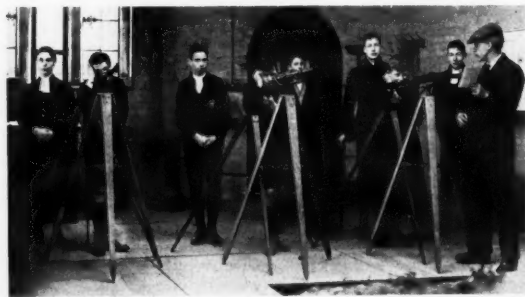
Being in Birmingham I took the opportunity to call on Mr. Hale of Messrs. A. G. Parker and Co., Limited. He told me that his firm had fitted, I think it was, 700 Lee-Enfields with the Parker rifling, this being a '22 tube soldered into the '303 bore. These rifles were used for army instruction purposes during the war, and the presumption is that the schools are still being served from the original supply. Mr. Hale's view is that the extraction difficulty arises from erosion at the front end of the chamber, and is occasioned by long-continued use, the result being that the cartridge case in the act of firing is expanded to a bell mouth, extraction being thus burdened with the task of drawing the bell-mouth through the lesser diameter of the rear end of the chamber. When officiating at Harrow with the cleaning rod I certainly noticed that the stuck cases needed a much more violent succession of taps with the rod than ordinary resistance to extraction would account for.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

This school has an O.T.C. comprising 300 boys, and its rifle shooting arrangements are planned with the spaciousness which uniformly characterises its amazing series of edifices. The miniature range was erected about ten years ago, having been completed in 1911. Adjoining the range is a spacious apartment with a pleasantly arranged top light which is used for aiming practice and for the lectures on military subjects, these being delivered by the commanding officer, Captain C. Blamire Brown. The range accommodates a team of six shooters, and has a sloped platform furnished with the Bisley type of mat. The firing point is amply lighted, the butts not so well. Here the targets

that a boy shall fire with a rifle which, with his method of aim, fails to deliver the shots on the spot aligned at. There was sufficient difference of opinion to justify appealing to the musketry authorities for a lead.

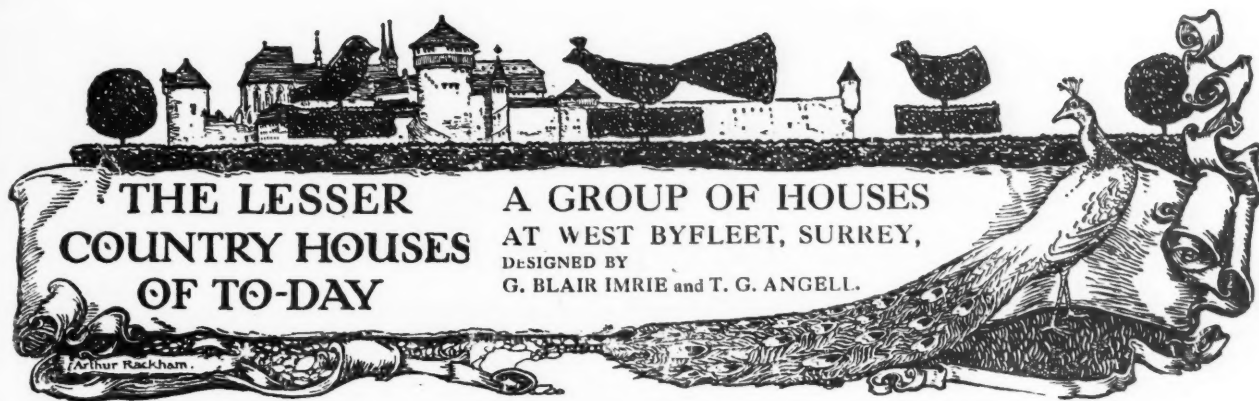
One exceedingly amusing reason for poor scores was provided in the course of conversation. If a boy passes the very easy test imposed by the War Office at the first attempt, it is a case of goodbye to rifle shooting for some long time to come. If he purposely does badly the pleasant experience may be several times repeated. In other words, a large proportion of boys desire much more rifle practice than the standard of efficiency demanded requires. Yet the range is open for practice a great part of the time between 12.15 and 4 p.m. This agreeable range and the enthusiasts who would use it more than is at present possible, could however, only be brought into more frequent contact by the appointment of an additional instructor. Several boys struck me as taking more pains and firing with a steadier rifle than the result indicated. Of course, we know that the classification class must not be judged too severely, but I, at any rate, would like to see the valuable raw material which is here in process of moulding used to better advantage. Difficulties must not be overlooked, nor must the enthusiasm of a one-time visitor falsify the perspective in which the work is viewed by those who do it every day. MAX BAKER.



AIMING INSTRUCTION AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.



THE FIRING LINE OF SIX AT HORSHAM.



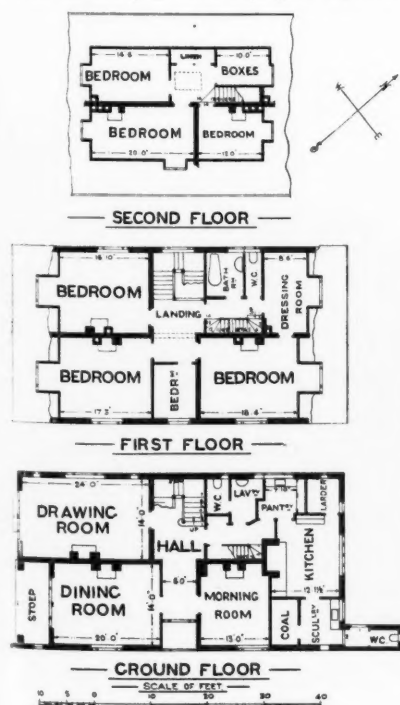
WHEN it comes to anything in the nature of design or embellishment, there is nobody so unpractical as the "practical" man. It would be easy to illustrate this by a score of instances. Think, for example, of those poor little turrets which the "practical" man, left to his own devices, has introduced as corner features on a row of houses—quite fatuous and unnecessary additions, but costing nevertheless an appreciable sum. Or, as another instance, take the propped-up gable front, or the elephantine balustrade and handrail which the "practical" man so commonly favours for the staircase of an ordinary house. It is in matters like these that a good architect declares his different ability. He, too, must be a practical man; nobody wants a very pleasant-looking house which is very uncomfortable to live in because a host of practical things have been overlooked; but if the architect is worth his salt he will be as well informed as the "practical" man concerning what is best, and, in addition, he can be counted upon to embody the whole in a well conceived design. This has a very special application to estate development, and is well exemplified by the houses on the estate at West Byfleet which Mr. J. W. Bashford began to develop before the war. Two of these houses have already been illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, Mr. Bashford's own house in the issue for November 13th, 1915, and Farm Place in the issue for March 12th last. In now showing three others of the series it is opportune to emphasise the cardinal fact that it pays to employ a capable

architect to do such work. Mr. Bashford had this foremost in mind when he undertook the scheme, and the results prove very clearly how true it is that, given the right sort of architect and good organisation, the speculating builder can be beaten on his own ground; and instead of commonplace and nondescript houses, there is a group which maintains the high standard of English domestic architecture.

The houses which Mr. Imrie built on the West Byfleet



Entrance Front.



Ground, First Floor and Attic Plans.



Copyright.

From the Garden.
PANTILES, WEST BYFLEET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



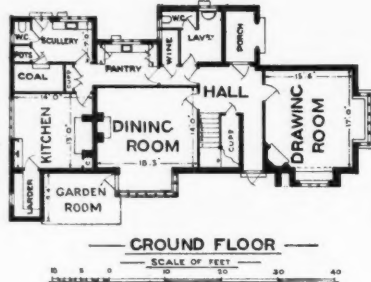
GARDEN FRONT.



NYEWOOD: ENTRANCE FRONT



PLAN OF NYEWOOD.



PLAN OF REED HOUSE



Copyright

REED HOUSE, WEST BYFLEET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

estate from 1911 to 1913 worked out at the remarkably low figure of 7d. per foot cube. This included excellent materials within and without (good bricks, oak floors and doors, etc.), drainage, electric light and hot water, and all the usual charges. The houses were built on a competitive basis, that is to say, the contract was put out to tender in each case, and there were no special facilities which rendered the cost of building cheaper here than elsewhere; so that the success of the scheme has been due entirely to the architectural and organising skill embodied in it.

Another point to be noted is that there is great variety in the design of the houses. Each stands on its own plot and has grounds which have been laid out by the architect as part of the scheme. It is a common fallacy to suppose that every architect is a man of one style. This is not necessarily so, any more than Mr. Sargent should be a painter of portraits only. The accompanying illustrations give an indication of the variety achieved in these houses. Take, for example, Pantiles, shown on the preceding page, and Nyewood, shown by the two upper illustrations on this page. Both have the same aspect, yet how different in treatment they are, the one with its symmetrical elevation reminiscent of Late Georgian work, the other drawing inspiration from the vernacular type of building which belongs to England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In Reed House, illustrated below, we have still another treatment, one combining weatherboarding and brickwork with the charm of reed thatching. A similar variety is seen, too, in the interior arrangement and finish of these houses, though, as regards planning, they have this much in common—that the utmost is made of the allotted space, and all are adapted to convenient service.

In estate development, without a doubt, a very good case can be made for the employment of competent architects, and when the time comes for a general renewal of house building—as it surely will, as soon as conditions are stabilised—it is to be hoped that the same sort of principles will then be adopted as those which have been so successfully carried out at West Byfleet.

R. R. P.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN

THE CULTIVATION OF APPLE ORCHARDS.

SPRAYING.

UNFORTUNATELY, there has never been any serious national interest given to apple growing in this country—hence our neglected orchards. In consequence of this our markets are flooded with apples from abroad, notwithstanding the fact that no country in the world can grow an apple equal in flavour to Cox's Orange or Ribston Pippin for eating, or a Bramley for cooking. And apart altogether from the eating apple, there is room for much greater cultivation of apples for cider making. The old idea that any sort of apple was good enough for cider no longer holds good; and if the orchards at Whimble were not exceptionally productive, we should be hard put to it to supply the cider demand we already have. There is ample evidence that the consumption of cider is largely on the increase, and the sale at a remunerative price of the right variety of cider apple, properly graded, need worry no grower. Strangely, the only evidence of State support was given in the eighteenth century, when we were so long at war with France that great encouragement was given to the planting of apple trees for cider making in order to lessen the demand for wine from that country. In consequence cider making flourished exceedingly.

How can this sad position be remedied? What should we do now? Of the old orchards I have referred to some ruins in the shape of cankered, decrepid and worn-out trees are all that remain. First of all, it should be made a punishable offence to allow diseased trees to remain—they must be swept away as a menace to the cultivation of apples on up-to-date lines and to the efforts of these few orchardists in this country who are

copper sulphate, lime, etc.; woolly aphis, nicotine; codlin moth, etc., arsenate of lead.

The question of spraying is so important that it is impossible to give it justice within the scope of a short article, and I cannot do better than recommend those interested to obtain as soon as may be a copy of "The Apple," by H. H. Thomas, published by Messrs. John Lane, wherein the question of arboriculture as affecting the apple tree is discussed fully.

In the meantime it is always a source of pleasure to me to answer any questions that may be asked, and it has been my good fortune to assist in the development of the culture of orchards in almost every county in England. There is no doubt that the proper cultivation of apples is a question of increasing importance, and the time is coming when a substantial revenue will be derived from the proper planting and proper cultivation of orchards in England as is derived from similar cultivation overseas.

HENRY WHITEWAY.

PLANTS FOR DRY SOILS AND SUNNY BANKS.

THE cistuses or rock roses are nearly related to the sun roses or helianthemums, and, like them, they need an open sunny position. They are among the most beautiful plants that abound in southern gardens, and many of them are much hardier than is generally known. They thrive on poor stony soil and sunny banks; so long as the roots are dry, the plants withstand an average winter, but if the soil is at all inclined to be moist the roots rot and the plants die. Many of the cistuses are quite hardy; but with the less hardy kinds, such as the gum cistuses, it is advisable to place pine boughs around the plants as a protection in severe weather, especially spring frosts. These rock roses like the early morning sun, and when flowering are seen at their best from nine in the morning till two in the afternoon. In their native habitats it is not unusual for the whole side of a mountain to be a blaze of colour up to three o'clock, when the petals fall and the scene is changed. Although the flowers are very fugitive, this does not imply that the blossoming period is a limited one, for the rock roses are so floriferous that a succession is kept up for a period of six or eight weeks. Even after the plants have finished blossoming some varieties give a second crop of flowers; and, although the plants are at their best in June and July, some will continue to flower through the autumn. *C. Loretii* is one of the best rock roses. It forms an attractive evergreen bush, as a rule less than 3ft. high, of spreading habit. The spread of the branches usually exceeds the height of the plant. The flowers are white, with a crimson blotch at the base of each petal. Unlike most cistuses, this one will retain its flowers till the evening. Of the tall growing species *C. laurifolius* is admirable in

every way. It grows 6ft. or so high, has deep green leaves and white flowers 3ins. across. It is one of the hardiest, if not the hardiest, of all the species, and is an excellent subject for planting on the outskirts of lawns or in an exposed position in the rock garden. *C. corbariensis* is a very hardy plant, forming a dense mass 18ins. or so high and bearing large white flowers. *C. crispus* and its exquisite variety *Sunset* are recognised by their greyish leaves and purple crimson flowers about 2ins. in diameter. *C. Cypricus* is one of the most beautiful of its race. The flowers are about 3ins. across, pure white, with rich brown-red markings near the base of the petals and a tinge of yellow at the extreme base. It will stand the most severe weather. The true gum cistus, *C. ladaniferus*, is less hardy and, unless protected, is usually touched by frost in an average English winter. The blooms are white with a rich purple blotch at the base of each petal. From this species *ladanum* is obtained, a resinous exudation of pleasing fragrance. Perhaps the most beautiful of all is the true *C. purpureus*, with very large blossoms of brilliant, almost blood, crimson. Each petal has a blotch of maroon at the base. Of the yellow flowering varieties there is none more beautiful than *algarvensis* and *formosum*, both of which are regarded as helianthemums, or sun roses; indeed, it is said that there are no yellow flowering cistuses.

Rock roses delight in a well drained sandy soil and a warm, sunny position on sloping banks or at the foot of a south wall or fence. The plants should be put out in April from pots, and it will be found that they flower much better on poor ground than when growing in that of a richer nature. Cuttings root readily in late summer or autumn, placed in a cold frame or under a hand-light. Artificial heat is not desirable. Most of the rock roses may also be raised from seed sown in spring. Because of the evanescence of the dainty petals the rock rose is a difficult subject for cutting, and it is seldom seen at flower shows.

H. C.



SPRAYING IN A DEVONSHIRE APPLE ORCHARD.

endeavouring to compete with those countries whence we now import the bulk of our apples. In other words, the man who has a diseased apple tree should be compelled to take measures to cure it as he would be in the event of his sheep being affected by scab.

Now that so many farmers have become the owners of their farms and the old cry of insecurity of tenure is no longer the excuse, there is, in my opinion, a great opportunity for apple culture in this country and a remunerative field for the investment of capital.

In Nova Scotia, where the farms are of, say, from 50 acres to 200 acres, part arable and part pasture, and with, say, from 6 acres to 12 acres of orchard, the latter is the farmer's first consideration, because it is his most paying department. But he has the assistance of good inspectors who teach him how to cultivate and manure his trees, when and how to spray for insect and fungoid pests, and last, but by no means least, the same well qualified inspector insists upon the proper grading and packing of the apples so that the buyer on this side knows almost without opening the barrel or box what he is going to get.

I am frequently appealed to for advice as to the best time to spray apple trees and what spray should be used. It is as difficult for me to reply to these questions as it is for a doctor to prescribe for his patient without diagnosis. The first question, therefore, must be, what is wrong? If the answer be old age or decay, I can do no better than quote the metaphor used by Mr. Lloyd George at the House of Commons luncheon, namely, "The old parties believe in pruning, manuring and in planting new trees where the old tree had ceased to be fruitful, but keeping the orchard. The new parties want to uproot, to tear up and plant wild and poisonous berries."

Here are some of the complaints and their remedies: Lichen, muscle scale, etc., caustic soda; fungoid diseases sulphur or

SOME LEADING THREE YEAR OLDS

LEIGHTON AND MONARCH

WE have to go back to 1913 for an uninterrupted season of flat racing, the year I shall always recall for that awful disqualification of Craganour after coming in first for the Derby. War broke out in the following year and most of August was drawn blank as regards racing. Then, for four years following, there was only intermittent racing at headquarters and one or two places in the South. So we came to 1919, when at last there appeared a prospect of racing getting back to the normal, and all, indeed, went merrily enough until the railwaymen came out and a gap was created in the month of October. After this it was thought that nothing short of an earthquake could interfere with the 1920 season, but we had overlooked the existence of the miners. They came out, and the Government, trading on their previous semi-control of racing, "requested" the Jockey Club to suspend all racing. It was, of course, an order, and being an uncomplaining, loyal community, racing folk came into line without demur. It meant much financial loss to many, and a certain amount of unemployment. The Cambridgeshire, among other racing fixtures, was sacrificed, and the end of the season was nearly reached when a resumption came about.

It is a very little while ago that the 1921 season was entered upon, and who could have thought then that what is a very big industry as well as a great national sport would be so paralysed again? I am writing early in the week, and already the Warwick meeting has been sacrificed as a result of the latest national strike of miners. Lingfield Park is doomed and Newbury may be, though I devoutly hope not. Thus for the eighth year in succession there is a broken flat racing season, four times brought about by the world war and three times by industrial warfare.

No one with any sense of responsibility would care to argue that a strike of miners throughout Great Britain is not an event of grave national importance, and in a time of crisis it may not appear seemly to engage in racing as a sport as apart from all its business and industrial ramifications. Yet it is hard for racing people who make their living out of it—many owners, trainers, jockeys, stable lads, corn and forage people, saddlers, shoeing-smiths, bookmakers, professional backers, racecourse staffs, pressmen and all and sundry—to believe that a total cessation of racing can help in reducing the burden on the general community or making the peril less perilous. It cannot be a question of economising in fuel, for though locomotives may consume a certain quantity in taking horses and people to racecourses, there is none at all consumed on racecourses. It must, therefore, be a question of creating a moral effect. The miners are devoted to racing in their thousands and they certainly bet on the results. Perhaps it is annoying them to deprive them of one of their daily excitements of life. That may or may not be so; but what the idle racing men cannot understand is the inconsistent policy which vetoes one sport and yet has nothing to say about football matches, to which people travel on railways in thousands.

As I write I frankly do not see much chance of racing taking place this week, but as the possibility of an early collapse cannot be altogether non-existent, I feel quite justified in discussing the Newbury meeting which is due to be held this Friday and Saturday, especially as the authorities may not think it necessary to cancel a fixture which is held on a racecourse in the heart of the Berkshire, Hampshire and Wiltshire training establishments. After all, the Greenham Stakes on Friday was promising a great attraction in the meeting of Leighton and Monarch, for those horses are practically joint first favourites for the Derby. Assuming they do meet, what a lot of conjecture and discussion they will clear up! It would settle which is the better at least at a mile, and it might even show up one or the other in the light of a non-stayer.

Do you recall the Greenham Stakes of a year ago when Tetratema, conceding 3lb., was beaten three-parts of a length by Silvern, the latter at 100 to 7 against and Tetratema at odds of 3 to 1 on? That, indeed, was a sensational race, and alienated many good judges from the side of Tetratema for the classic races. Stephen Donoghue, for one, said that Silvern would always beat the grey horse whenever they might meet. They did meet soon afterwards, for the Two Thousand Guineas, and Tetratema won, with Silvern very badly beaten. Donoghue was discredited by the result, as also were many others, of whom

I may confess to being one. I made up my mind that Tetratema would never stay, and in a way the reasoning was well founded, as the horse was hopelessly beaten for the Derby and again for the Eclipse Stakes over a mile and a quarter. His great possession was speed, as he showed when he beat Diadem for the King George Stakes over six furlongs at Goodwood.

The point I am trying to make is that the Greenham Stakes of to-day, in the event of it being run, should make us wiser as to the pretensions to stay a Derby course of Leighton and Monarch. Leighton beat moderate horses last year and remained unbeaten. Monarch beat some of the best in his races, but you cannot convincingly argue that Monarch is really the better, seeing that Leighton always won his races in a hack canter. He could not have done more. From personal observation I will go so far as to say that Leighton looks far more of a stayer than does Monarch. Of that there is no possible doubt in my mind, and judging them both on conformation, I infinitely prefer Leighton as being the better adapted to the gradients and turns of the Epsom course. I prefer him, too, on the not unimportant question of breeding, for he is by a great stayer in Roi Herode, a horse of impressively stout blood, and he is from a beautifully bred mare in Queen of the Earth, by Flying Fox. It will be understood, therefore, what I think would be the outcome of a meeting between the two rivals. But beyond all question it is an excellent thing that there should be this sporting rivalry between the admirers of the two horses.

There are, of course, others much fancied to win the Derby of 1921. What of Alan Breck, Humorist, Granelly, Polemarch and Craig an Eran? They must have undeniable chances. Alan Breck has beaten Monarch at level weights—for the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket. Humorist has finished in front of Alan Breck—for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster; and Humorist finished within half a length of Monarch for the Middle Park Plate after the winner had poached what appeared to be a flying start. Polemarch was not far from the two of them on the same occasion. Then at the present time there is a strong move at work in favour of Lord Astor's Craig an Eran, a colt by Sunstar from Maid of the Mist, owned by Lord Astor, that has two indifferent performances as a two year old to his credit. It is difficult to appreciate why he should be regarded so seriously for the chief classic race, but it is an undoubted fact that he is in much favour. I believe it is true that his clever trainer, Alec Taylor, always thought he would make a good horse some day, and probably he has let it be known that the colt has done wonderfully well from two to three years of age, and in that sense has pleased him. But I cannot believe that he has been formally tried thus early to be a high-class one. We may hope that nothing will occur to prevent him running for the Craven Stakes at the first of the Newmarket meetings, in which event he can oppose Polemarch. He may, of course, be kept for the Two Thousand Guineas, in which he can meet Monarch, Polemarch, Alan Breck, Granelly and Humorist, but not Leighton.

This Saturday there is the race for the Newbury Cup, assuming, of course, that the meeting will take place. What will be favourite? I do not go so far as to ask what will win, but if we find the favourite now we shall be on the way to finding the winner. It is true the favourite in past years has not been very successful in this race, perhaps because the Lincolnshire Handicap form has been accepted too literally. I suggest that Sir George Noble's Clarion has most pretensions to start favourite. This was the horse prepared for the Lincolnshire Handicap by poor "Paddy" Hartigan, and he really ran very well indeed, just missing third place and finishing far in front of such greatly fancied horses as Ugly Duckling, Corn Sack and Poltava. I do not suggest that Clarion is better now, physically, than he was at Lincoln, but he has only to run as well to have a big chance. Grandcourt, a very genuine horse in every sense, would have backers as the winner of the race last year, and there is something to be said for Valescure, though I fancy she will be in reserve for the City and Suburban, while it is possible that King's Idler is waiting for the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom. I am attracted by Morganatic Marriage, for whom hurdling has done such a lot, at 6st. 13lb., though he is not the sort of a horse suited by a light weight jockey, and on the whole it would seem that Clarion is well entitled to start favourite—and to win! But, of course, the miners must decide at least one of those possibilities.

PHILIPPOS.